

TRAVEL NUMBER

Life

April 11, 1930

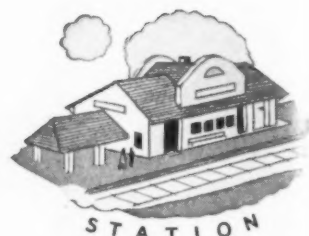
PRICE 10 CENTS



Guy Hoff's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?

See Page 40



A new idea about "going places"

The BANTAM Car is for the first time offered
to shrewd Americans

AT just the right time the American Austin breaks into the domestic scene. Families today are many individuals who want to go many different places . . . at once, please. Hence the logic and economy of the small transportation unit. The Austin bantam claims its place in your menage as an auxiliary car, for the minor journeys, to supplement the service of the large family car.

It is an individual car—brisk, efficient—shot with spunk. Comes as near being expense-less as any car you ever heard talked about. It will run 40 miles on one gallon of gas . . . 1000 miles on a 2-quart filling of oil. When you've spent fifty-six dollars for gas and oil, you will have traveled 10,000 miles. The tires go on forever—well, almost—20,000 to 40,000 miles.

Wheel base? . . . twenty-eight inches shorter than any standard American car. Width? Sixteen inches less than standard tread.

Behind its bantam stature the Austin has a long proud record that has startled sportsmen from Scotland to Singapore. Some of these records are printed here.

There's a need for one? . . . two? . . . three? of these brilliant little automobiles in every family of individuals that likes to go places and do things.

You can buy this car for less than a year's upkeep on your present large car.

Montlhery, France. 24
hour race at 64.75 m.p.h.



Melbourne, Australia. 250
miles. 54.8 miles per (imperial)
gallon.



Brooklands Racing Drivers
Club, England. 200 miles
at 83.53 m. p. h.



Mulders Drift Hill Climb,
South Africa. 1st—2nd—3rd.



Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain.
Broke all records, won three
cups.



Fahrt Durch Schlesien.
First—second—gold and
silver medals and cups.

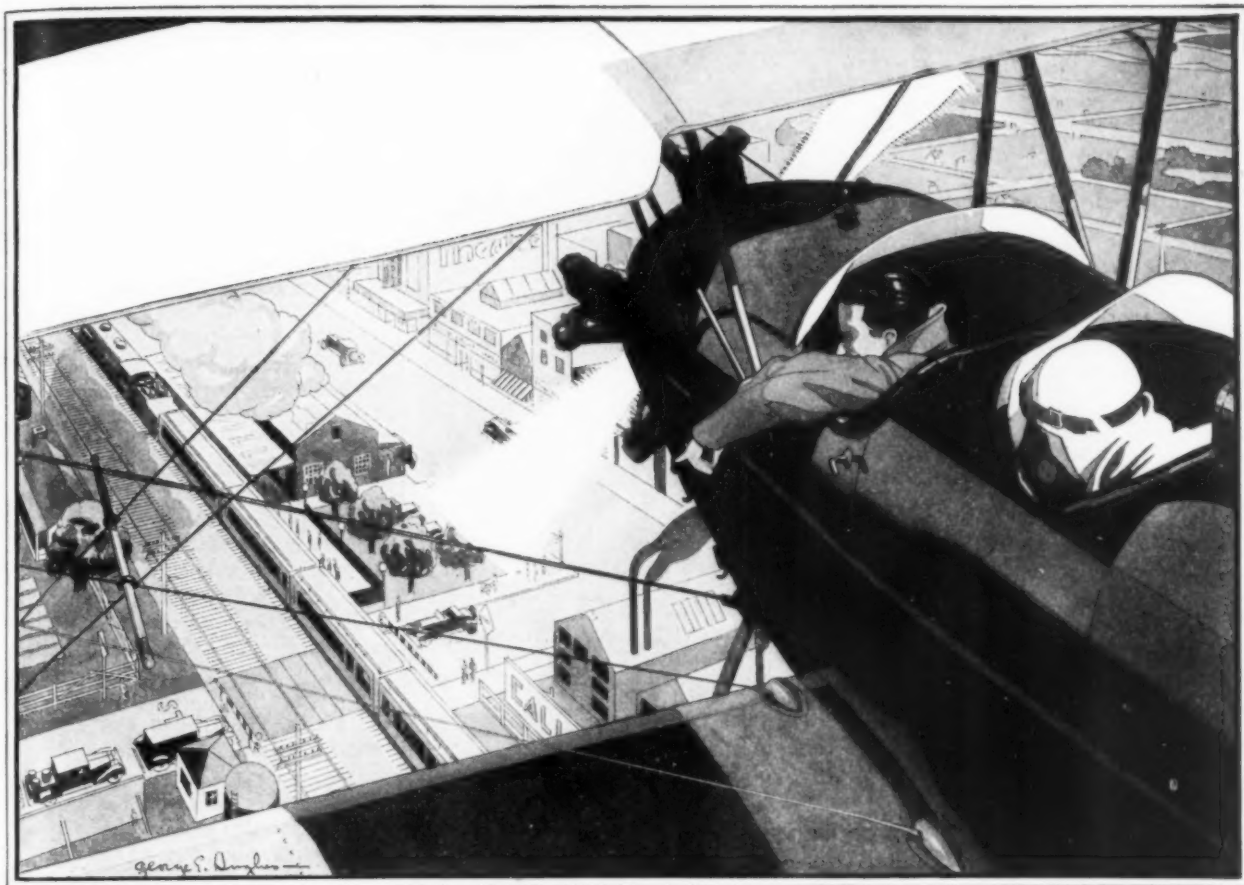
THE
AMERICAN
Austin



AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INCORPORATED

7300 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

My Boy... My Business and our Travel Air



MY BOY began his flying like some of the youngsters in my day began their swimming—in secret. He broke the news only after his first solo flight. Of course I was proud, but I was also disturbed. I did not know what sort of plane and what kind of pilot Phil was going up with. Then I decided that if he was going to fly, it would be in a plane of proved reputation and performance.

After a thorough study of the different types and makes of aircraft, we bought a Travel Air biplane. It was really "one for Phil and two for me," for I soon found that a plane fitted happily into my business picture. You see my home and my factory are at Oldtown—114 miles by road, three and one-half hours by rail, from my office and showroom in the city. By air it's 90 miles, by Travel Air 45 minutes.

Now Phil pilots me to the city three

times a week. I save the salary of a city manager and Phil gets all the flying he wants. And his mother and I don't worry, because we know the ship he is flying is the last word in safe and sturdy aircraft construction.

Weekends! The Travel Air doesn't rest then either. It has carried Phil, my daughter and me to every good golf course within a radius of 150 miles. Of course all the young folks in the neighborhood want to go along too and I am often crowded out of the party. All in all we are certainly getting our money's worth from our Travel Air.

Stalwart and rugged, designed to withstand every strain, rigorously tested in construction and flight, the Travel Air is the "Ironsides" of the skies. A large percentage of commercial planes are of this make. Travel Air planes are speeding air mail, transporting passen-

gers, flying hither and yon on swift industrial missions. Many of the Travel Air records are unsurpassed. Full particulars about these planes, their construction and performance in commercial, industrial and private flying, will be gladly sent you. Write Dept. T-11.

The Travel Air 3-place, open cockpit biplane is powered with a Wright Whirlwind of either 165 or 225 h. p. and with speeds up to 132 miles per hour. Travel Air owners are entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the country.

TRAVEL AIR COMPANY
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
27 West 57th Street • New York

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE
TRAVEL AIR



"A·B·A CHEQUES? . . . TO BE SURE, SIR!

You're the third gentleman this morning . . . Yes, indeed, a great convenience . . . Travel would be a bit of a bother without them . . . I used to cash a lot of them on the China run . . . I see you have the new-size A·B·A's. Very handsome too . . . Twenty dollars? . . . Very good, Sir."



Aship or ashore A·B·A Cheques are as good as gold, but much safer. They are insured money. Now issued in the size of the new U. S. currency in amounts of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200. Let your own bank supply you. Large-size Cheques will continue to be accepted.

A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 95, No. 2475, April 11, 1930. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter New York, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1930, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.

New Suit

The satisfied glance at yourself in the mirror. The chorus of approval from the assembled tailors, cutters and fitters. The assurances from the manager that your suit fits you like the paper on the wall. The carefully wrapped box. The conviction that you have secured a superb suit at a bargain price. The high expectation of family congratulations as you make your way towards home.

The try-on before the dining room mirror. The inquiring glances directed at your wife. The wifely criticism of the drape of the coat. The wifely disapproval of the hang of the trousers. The disappointment over the pattern expressed by your sister-in-law. The defensive assertion by you that anyhow the cloth is good. The practiced fingering of fabric by your father-in-law. His deprecation of the design. His astonishment at the price you paid. The sinking feeling that you have been stung.

The determination to take it back. The righteous indignation brewing within you on the way to the store. The mental rehearsal of the caustic complaints you are about to make. The grim entrance into the store.

The hurried conference of cutters, tailors and fitters. The soothing syllables of the manager. The protestations of the fitter that your right shoulder is too high. The injured look on your salesman's face. The suffering in the manager's eye. The general chorus of reassurance. The guilty feeling stealing over you that you have been unfair. The determination to keep the suit.

The sheepish exit from the store with the suit under your arm. The long trip home. The feeling of dread at the prospect of facing the family again. The quiet entrance to your house. The feeling of relief that nobody's home. The stealthy hanging of the suit way, way back in the rear of your closet.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



EXASPERATED HOUSEWIFE: Say—is there any way to get rid of you brush peddlers?

INDEFATIGABLE SALESMAN: Ah, madam, here's just the thing! Our special club-handled model retails for a mere \$1.98.

Diary Of A Gag Man

March 26—On a golf course today, Sam slammed into a divot with his niblick and howled, "here's mud in your eye!" Right he was and it took five matched irons to rule him off of the course.

March 27—Haven't noticed any of those "falling painter" jokes in the magazines for quite a spell so I went out and cut the ropes on several painter's stages this afternoon.

March 29—So few things amuse me nowadays that I am seriously considering applying for an usher's job at the Paramount.

March 30—After turning out some thousands of jokes concerned with the unexpected return of husbands I found myself without any particularly amusing retort. The twelve foot drop from a window did these old bones no good.

April 1—Christened a seagoing engine today with a bottle of champagne when he chortled, "Don't shoot! I'll marry the gal!" following the pop of a cork. His wake was swell.

April 3—One of those chronic glad boys slapped me on the thirty-seventh vertebra today and howled, "My, My, I'm glad t' see y' back again!" No, I'm sorry sir, he won't be back for some time.

April 5—Helped a bald gentleman acclimatize a barber who waggishly suggested that he needed a haircut.

April 6—On my usual trip to the foreign newspaper and magazine shop I found that the Broadway Boys and Fred Allen had bought the place out. Three days' work ahead of me now trying to think up some gags of my own.

April 7—When I advised June against marrying Hugh she replied perkily, "Why, some of my best friends are Hugh's!" Six weeks after the funeral Hugh will marry Eliese.

April 9—My golfing companion who humorously suggested that he would like to be buried in Putter's field, fell into the water hole shortly afterward and his body has not been recovered at this writing.

April 10—Introduced to a celebrated modern poet today and he opened the conversation with, "Don't you love Keats!" With my little sister in mind, I strangled him.

—ed. graham.

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

The Highlands of ONTARIO



JUST over night from peopled places lies this cool forest playground . . . with silver lakes, shady by-paths, fragrant air and sport for all.

Hundreds of welcoming havens . . . at Muskoka, Kawartha, Lake of Bays, the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay or the beautiful shores of blue Lake Huron . . . offer infinite variety in summertime pleasures.

Golf and tennis, fishing, swimming and canoeing in an ideal breeze-swept environment.

Or . . . paddle and camp in the solitudes of Algonquin Park, Timagami or Nipigon Forest Reserves where silence reigns and game fish leap.

Reasonable rates and comfortable accommodations for summer guests.

Radio is an attractive feature on Canadian National de luxe trains.

Canadian National was the first railway in the world to provide this facility.

Full information from any Canadian National Office

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
420 Main St.
CHICAGO
45 N. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.

CLEVELAND
925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH
430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.

LOS ANGELES
907 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
618 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK
606 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.

PITTSBURGH
155 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway

ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO
609 Market St.
SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C.
901—18th St., N. W.



How the old phrase
takes on new mean-
ing in

Lloyd Cabin Quartet

**BERLIN
STUTTGART
MUENCHEN
DRESDEN**

It means the freedom
of spacious leisure,
nights of repose, and
escape from routine
duties. ♣ It gives you
the hospitality of a
famous service, and a
society gathered only
for rest and pleasure.
♣ It means too the ro-
mance of speed and
the luxury of modern
life on

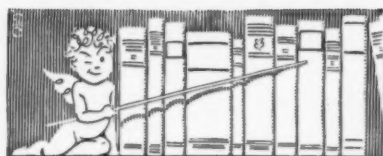
Lloyd Express

**BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS**

toward the delights
of your summer holi-
day.



57 Broadway
New York
or your local agent



From the New Books

To the Editor

Oh, Editor, editor,
Awful and grand,
Who holdest our fate
In the palm of thy hand,
Dost ever reflect
How one day thy ghost
To an Editor awf'ler
And grander will post?
Before him a great
Golden scroll is spread wide,
And a bottomless waste-basket
Yawns at his side.
With a swift searching glance
He reads through thy soul,
Then he looks at the basket,
Then looks at the scroll;
He purses his lips
And nibbles his pen,
And frowns for one long
Awful moment—and then—
Oh, Editor!—think! if thy
Poor crumbled soul
Fall into the basket
And not in the scroll!

—From *Excuse It Please*,
by Oliver Herford.

The effectiveness of fudge-making in
fending off the male and impressing
him with the female's divine unap-
proachability cannot be over-estimated.
. . . The flitting from table to stove,
the constant necessity of stirring the
boiling confection, the running out-of-
doors to see if the candy had cooled
and hardened, served to abort any ob-
jective demonstrations at all on the part
of the male. He met this situation
with a strong Masculine Protest. He
began to bring a box of candy with
him when he called. . . These years
constituted the great Lowney's era in
this country.

—From *Is Sex Necessary?*
by James Thurber-E. B. White.

My poor stenographer—how I upset
her!

This morning when I made the mild
complaint:

"I want a wider margin on this letter!"
She grew hysterical, and threw a
faint.

—From *The Lost Shirt*,
by Joseph Anthony.

Farmer Jake Bentley is beatin' his
plow-share into a cam shaft.

—Abe Martin's *Town Pump*,
by Kin Hubbard.



Geisha girls dance for you in Japan

Around the PACIFIC

*Circling the Orient,
Java and South Seas
on the great MALOLO*

THIS year, another "Around the
Pacific Cruise" by the luxurious Matson
liner Malolo! Twelve countries and 19
ports of the mysterious East and exotic
South Seas will be visited. Japan and
China, of course—with extensive shore
excursions to ancient cities and shrines.
Historic Manila in the Philippines.
Teeming Singapore in Malaya, Bangkok
in Siam, Batavia in the East Indies.
Then modern Australia and New
Zealand, primitive Fiji and Samoa,
and colorful Hawaii.

While America is fighting early
snows, you'll be "down under" the
equator where it is summer. You get
back home for Christmas—your Christ-
mas shopping already completed in the
Orient's alluring bazaars.

Assuring you perfection of arrange-
ments, the Matson Line operates this
second cruise in cooperation with the
American Express Company. Your
cruise ship is the 23,000-ton Malolo,
holder of Pacific speed records, one of
the world's finest liners. Sail from
San Francisco September 20, return
December 19.

There is but one cruise "Around the
Pacific"—the Malolo's! Owing to
the wide interest last year, we suggest
early reservations. The membership
is limited. Send today for detailed
folder.

**MATSON LINE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
COMPANY**
in cooperation

MATSON LINE OFFICES:

NEW YORK	535 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO	140 S. Dearborn St.
SAN FRANCISCO	215 Market St.
LOS ANGELES	723 W. Seventh St.
PORTLAND	271 Pine St.
SEATTLE	1319 Fourth Ave

Youth is credulous in many matters, but upon one single issue youth stays as iron and granite: youth does not ever believe that life serves well enough just as it stands. To believe that such is just possibly the case remains the attested hall-mark of middle life . . . Thereafter optimism develops insidiously; and the most of us sink, cackling thinly, into amiable senescence.

—From *The Way of Eben*,
by James Branch Cabell.

Everyone has been struck by the invention of the Iron Man, the queer mechanical being . . . called a Robot, but he might just as well be called a Macpherson . . . He is cased in nickel, jointed in steel, and one kick from his pointed iron toe would scatter a whole football team. In other words, he has us all beaten at the start.

. . . It is evident that someone will now invent a Tin Woman. She will be made of softer metal outside, but just as hard inside, with eyes that revolve further sideways and a phonograph drum of double capacity to go two words to one from the Iron Man.

—From *The Iron Man and the Tin Woman*, by Stephen Leacock.

A Chair

Crashes; I make the alley wall—
And there's a skirt and she is tall.
Her voice is like a waterfall.
She don't say much; I don't say much
She grips my hand: I feel the touch
Go through me like a wire alive.

—From *Hell in Harness*,
by Joseph Auslander.

Book Guide

"THE GREAT MEADOW," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking Press)

Epic of the colonization of Kentucky, and the hardships and bravery of one pioneer wife.

"THE WOMAN OF ANDROS," by Thornton Wilder. (Boni)

Love story laid in early Greece, showing that the human heart is the same in every century.

"THE DOOR," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Fast moving, exciting and baffling mystery story.

"THE 42ND PARALLEL," by John Don Passos. (Harper's)

Cross section of American life from the nineties to the war.

"THE ROAD OF THE GODS," by Isabel Paterson. (Horace Liveright)

Forest lovers before the Christian era, with the great groves of Germania for background.

"THE HOAX," by Italo Svevo. (Harcourt, Brace)

The tragic consequences of a malicious joke played upon a middle aged, kindly and not very successful writer.

"COONARDOO," by Katherine Prichard. (W. W. Norton & Co.)

A lonely white man's disintegration among the blacks in the Australian bush.

"GLADIATOR," by Philip Wylie. (Knopf)

Story of a superman with a giant's strength which spoiled his life.



The Incomparable Homestead

THE moment you arrive at The Homestead you will like it. You will say—"this is the most delightful resort hotel I have ever visited in the United States."

From the time you have your first breakfast until the end of your stay—everything is done to make you happy. All the niceties of perfect service are present. Quiet attention minus the hurry and bustle of most hotels. The fact that your wants have been attended to is seldom noticeable. It is simply the continuation of the aristocratic Southern hospitality of over 200 years ago.

For years The Homestead has

attracted thousands from all over the United States because of its beneficial Springs comparable with similar European spas and baths.

It is noted far and wide for its delightful social life—dancing, concerts and smart entertainments. Two excellent 18-hole and one unusually good 9-hole golf courses; nine of the finest tennis courts, always in perfect condition, and a stable of over 200 real saddle horses offer a wide variety of sports and recreation.

A well illustrated booklet will be sent you upon request. Kindly write to Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton.

The HOMESTEAD

Hot Springs Virginia

Summer Temperature Average 66°

2 H-10



Trailing Arbutus

If you know, and love, that shy wild flower of early spring, you get a thrill of pleasure every time you uncover it.

Exactly the same holds true of Whitman's Chocolates. These choice chocolates have a fragrance, a purity and delicacy that make

them more than merely an appeal to your "sweet tooth." They please all the senses.

As a gift, the SAMPLER is unsurpassed.

As an Easter gift, the flower-covered wrap shown above expresses the true spirit of spring and rejoicing in

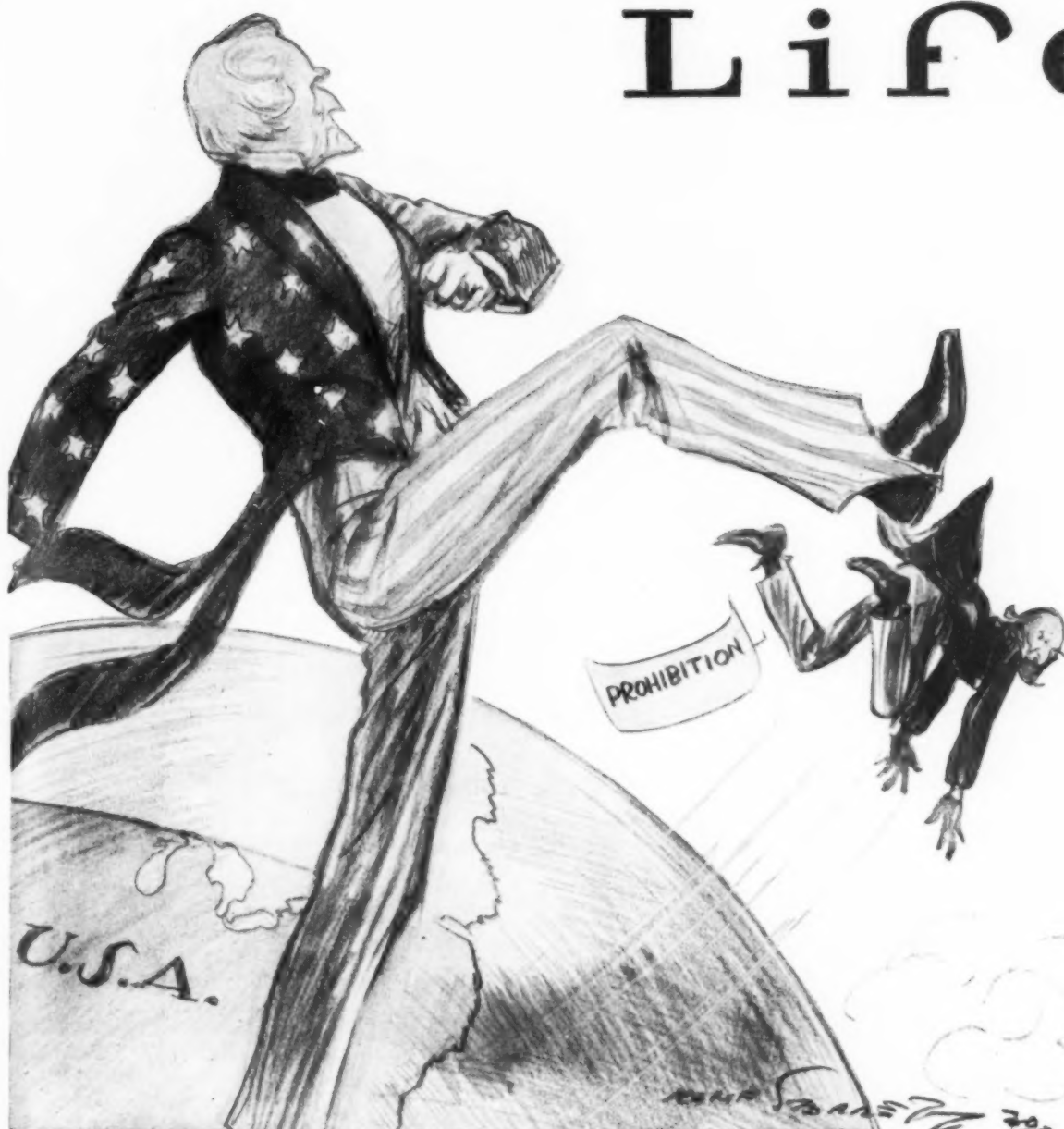
Consult the 'Bell Telephone Classified Directory for the nearest Whitman's agent. Send Whitman's at the last moment from any telegraph office.

Whitman's Sampler



© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Life



It CAN Be Done!

IT IS a favorite retort of the dries and the timid wets that, whether you like it or not, the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution and therefore can't be dislodged. They are wrong; it can be dislodged!

To repeal an amendment the same procedure must be followed, of course, that is required to adopt one. The Constitution, in Article V, defines it as follows:

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress. . . .

Now, let us suppose that the sentiment against prohibi-

tion continues to grow at the rate we have been witnessing in the last few months. Will it be so long before Congress can be persuaded to propose the Eighteenth Amendment's repeal? And then let us suppose that the mode of ratifying the repeal which it favors is that by state conventions, to which delegates are elected directly by the people for the purpose of passing on this one issue. Is it so ridiculous to believe that, unhampered by the treachery of intimidated legislators, three-fourths of the states would vote "yes"?

At present writing the returns from the *Literary Digest* poll show that only one state in twenty is dry. Double or treble this ratio for good measure, and how many out of the forty-eight will be found in Mr. Volstead's column? Yet it would require thirteen states to defeat repeal.

Cheer up! Repeal is eminently possible!

Scott Shots

Many a man is hoping for the repeal of prohibition so he can stop drinking when he wants to.

Pathetic figures—The gangster who went to Chicago just for the ride.

One of the best ways to avoid gray hair is to leave the car in the garage.

Reformer's saying—I've taken your fun where I've found it.

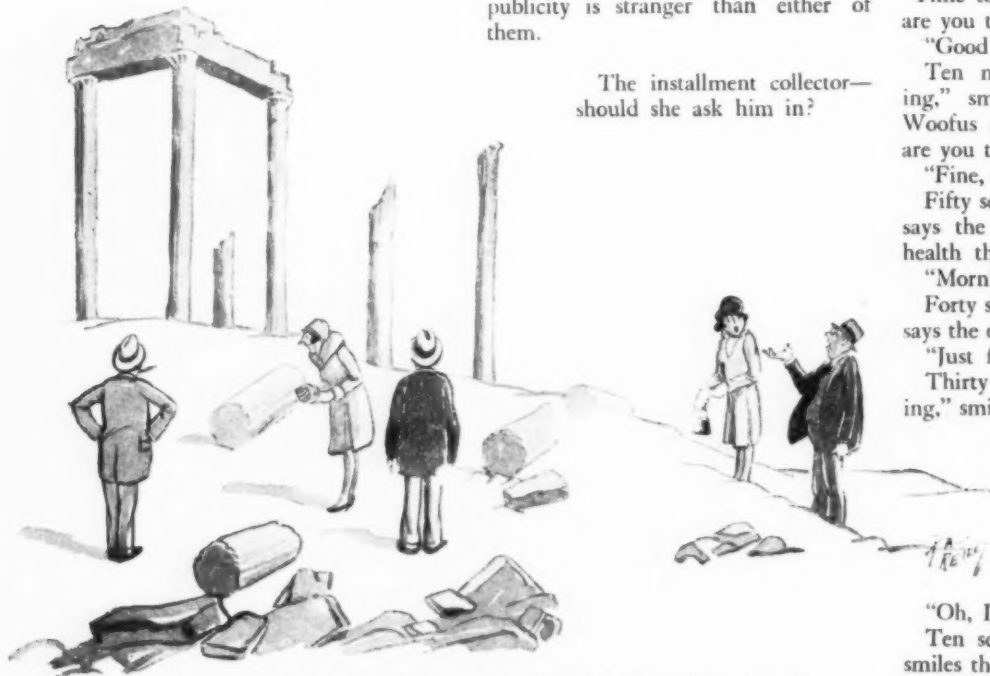
Times are so poor in Hollywood that lots of the girls don't know whom the next divorce is coming from.

The idea of naval disarmament is a scrap to end scrapping.

The big problem of the American people is how to dispose of old razor blades and laws.

It's sad to think of all the poor Hollywood girls who are forced into marriage by their mothers and press agents.

Time, tide and women drivers wait for no man.
—W. W. Scott.



VISITING LANDLORD: Romantic? Maybe—but it doesn't speak well for the last tenants!



"And we joined the navy to see the world."

The world is so full of a number of things, and it sometimes seems as if they're all piled on our desk.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and publicity is stranger than either of them.

The installment collector—should she ask him in?

The New Politeness of Hotel Employees

"Good morning, Mr. Woofus," says the smiling voice over the phone. "Time to get up, Mr. Woofus. How are you this morning?"

"Good morning. I'm just dandy." Ten minutes later. "Good morning," smiles the floor clerk as Mr. Woofus approaches her desk. "How are you this morning?"

"Fine, thank you." Fifty seconds later. "Mawnin' boss," says the elevator boy. "How is yo' health this mawnin', sir?"

"Morning, George. I'm feeling fine." Forty seconds later. "How are you?" says the elevator starter. "Just fine."

Thirty seconds later. "Good morning," smiles the checkroom girl. "How are you this morning?"

"Pretty good." Twenty seconds later. "Yes, sir!" bows the head waiter. "Here's a nice table. How are you this morning?"

"Oh, I'm all right." Ten seconds later. "Gooda morn," smiles the waiter. "How you feel—" "Good morning. I feel like hell."

—Bennie Benson.



Wisdom

If you know what I hate or
love;
If you know what I'm think-
ing of;
If you know what I'm going
to say
Or how I'll act from day to
day;
If you know how I'm going to
look;
If I am just an open book;
If you know what I'll do or try—
You know a darn sight more
than I.

—Myra M. Waterman.

At last—the secret of how never to
grow any older: be born a comic strip
character.

*"I don't care what the other tenants say—this eating outdoors is a little
European habit we picked up on our trip abroad."*

On the Beach at Waikiki

*(Two tourists who have been "sold"
on travel folders meet)*

"Hello, Jones!"

"Well, if it isn't Smithy! What are
you doing here in this land of Dreams,
where the skies are ever smiling, the
songs are ever gay?"

"Oh, I came down the Silver Trail
across a sea of Blue with the Missus!
Romance and Adventure beckoned us
across the years!"

"It's a great place, isn't it?"

"Ah, Hawaii! Her quiet harbors,
which once knew well the galleons of
old Spain, the swift sails of Cook and
Morgan and all that gallant company!"

"Ah, yes! I love to see the bright
sun of early morning flash on the silver
wings of a sailing ship, remnant of the
romantic past!"

"And don't you like the cool, lush
valleys and sun kissed hills, which
once echoed to the tread of conquerors
and the shouts of valiant fighting men,
where the birds sing and the air is
heavy with perfumes, the frangipanni
and the jasmine and the wistful white
ginger!"

"I'll say! How about going down
the street and having a hoot!"

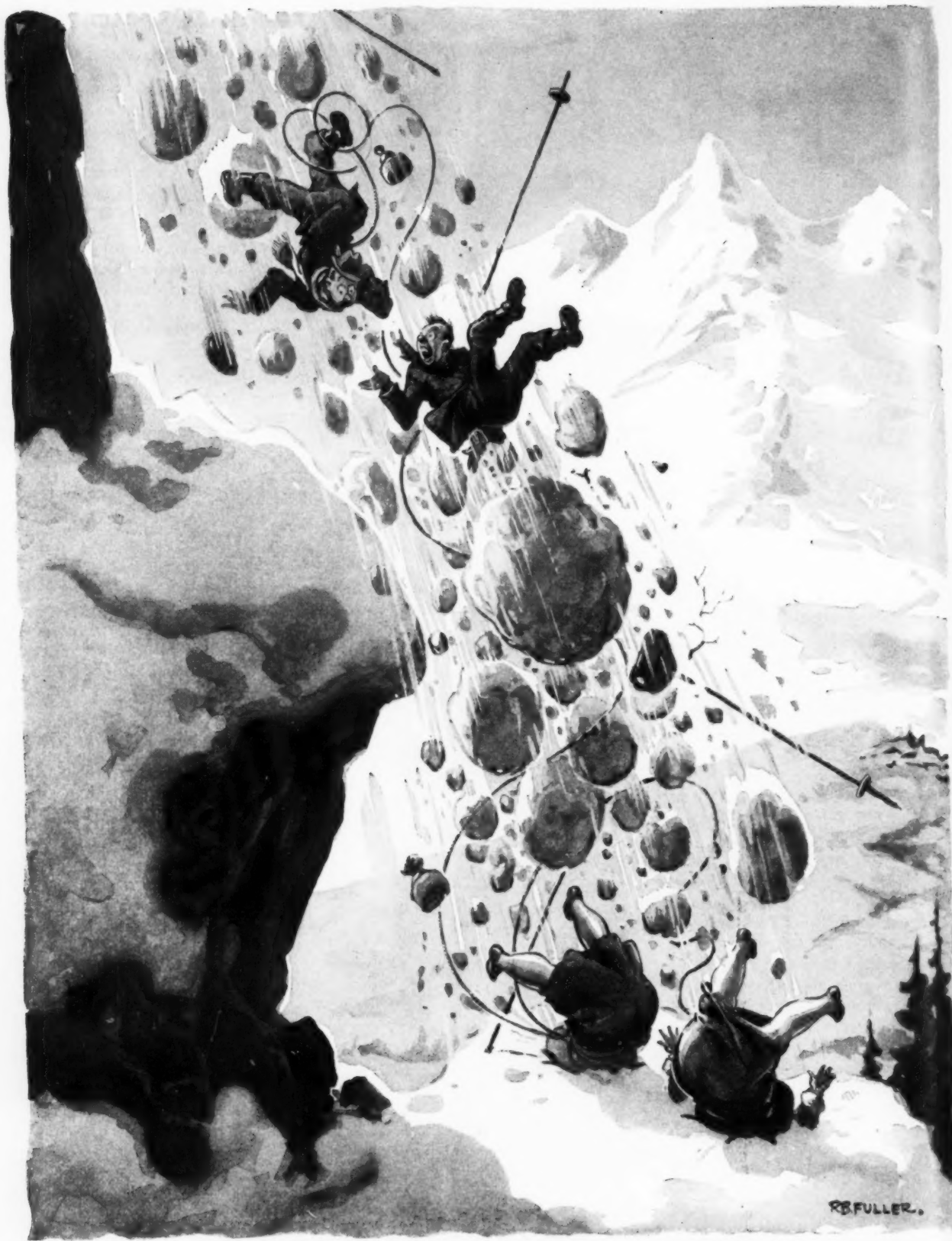
"O. K!"

—Ann Thony.

One nice thing about buying a radio
on the installment plan—If you don't
like what comes in over the air you
can turn off the payments.



"George, you're five minutes late!"



"Well, my wife is always yelling to go places and do things!"

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Taxi

IT BEING the footman's day out, Willingdrift answered the door. He wouldn't have opened it if he'd known Smith's branch manager, Sparkman of Cuba, was going to be revealed in the opening.

A smile of greeting spread over Sparkman's face. In the second before he spoke there crowded through Willingdrift's brain the terrible memory of that afternoon in Havana when he'd pretended to this same Sparkman that he was his employer's brother.

"Well, well, Smitty!" Like the elephant, Sparkman had a memory. "Well, well," he said again, glancing at Willingdrift's proper morning coat, "if you're going to a wedding, take me!"

"I didn't expect you in New York," said Willingdrift. What he meant was, "Why in hell didn't you stay where you belong?"

Sparkman entered the house, put his arm around the butler's shoulder. He said, "Just ran up for the week-end, Smitty. Your brother in? Want to talk business to him for a few minutes, then you and I'll step out again, hein?"

"I'll see," said Willingdrift. He went upstairs to the study where he had last seen Smith, draped in his leather chair holding an empty highball glass as a dog will worry a meatless bone.

"Sir," he said. "That Mr. Sparkman's downstairs!"

"Hurr," said Smith. "Sparkman?" An odd gleam of delight came into his eyes. "Oh," he said. "Your friend."

Willingdrift came as near blushing as Willingdrift could. He gulped.

Then he said, "Yes, sir, that one. He looked at my clothes and asked if I was going to a wedding! What on earth am I to do?"

"Haw," said Smith. "Why don't you?"

"There isn't any to go to."

"I mean, look here, Willing, if Sparkman ever finds out that in state of exhilaration my butler took him to races, he'll leave me. You've simply got to play the game. Tell him I'm out and take him places."

on a tirade of fanciful accusation that was as complimentary to Smith as it was uncomfortable.

But Willingdrift had been thinking. He said, "If you can fix it with her, sir, so it would be all right about me, I would recommend it."

"What mean?" said Smith.

"Nothing," said Willingdrift, "Nothing." But Smith saw that his butler's face wore the Wellington look. He had a plan. He said, "It might just be possible."

Smith had the barest sort of idea of what Willingdrift meant. He took a little gold number book from his pocket. "Consider it fixed," said Smith.

Mabel Lee opened the door of her apartment herself. "Smitty!" she said and threw both arms around Willingdrift's neck. "I haven't seen you since we were at Havana together!"

Mabel Lee quite evidently was going to play the game. In agony Willingdrift thought how old Smith must be chuckling to himself back at the house.

"And Sparky!"

Mabel Lee shook hands now, solemnly. "Come on in and have a quick one."

Willingdrift, badly unnerved, did well by himself. At the end of half an hour, when he and Sparkman were waiting for Mabel Lee to put on her hat he found himself chuckling a little at old Smith who was undoubtedly sitting at home wishing he was on the party.

"Sparky," said Willingdrift. "It's nice to see you again."

"It's nice to see you, Smitty."

"I mean it really is, Sparky. 'Member that day we went races?"

"An' ole, good ole Boreskin came home first? An' you an' I cleaned up on 'im?"

"Attaboy!" said Willingdrift. "Say, Mabel Lee's nice charming girl."

"Yes suh, boss."

(Continued on Page 42)



Willingdrift's next trick on the box got them to Rye.

"Yes sir," said Willingdrift. He went back to Sparkman. A moment later he returned. He said, "He wants to have a girl he met in Havana go with us. Mabel Lee Bolton!"

Smith shot out of his chair like a meteor. Then he sank back in it again. He had wanted to keep Mabel Lee out of the picture, for he had never yet been able to explain her to his wife. Between them she was a subject that could send Mrs. Smith off



I know that I am far from perfect and that is the reason that I do not expect a perfect mate.

—Rudy Vallée.

As an American I naturally spend most of my time laughing.

—H. L. Mencken.

America's prohibition is a wonderful thing.

—George Bernard Shaw.

A college should teach nothing useful.

—William Lyons Phelps.

I love an industrious woman, one who enjoys housework, taking care of a thousand and one household things, and likes to cook.

—Rudy Vallée.

What right have I to ask \$3 for my shows?

—George Tyler.

We must choose between drink and poverty on the one hand and Prohibition and prosperity on the other.

—Henry Ford.

"Why, I live only 500 miles from Topeka!"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

I give my testimony that in my own considerable circle of acquaintances and friends, with two exceptions, I have found no man, woman or child who drinks, brews, smuggles, purchases, sells or distributes any form of alcoholic liquor.

—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Do you think a man can work in this factory if he drinks? Well, he can't. We watch them as they come in. We smell their breath.

—Henry Ford.

As for the social pleasures, one of the highest enjoyments is agreeable company and good conversation; and I especially like men, women and children.

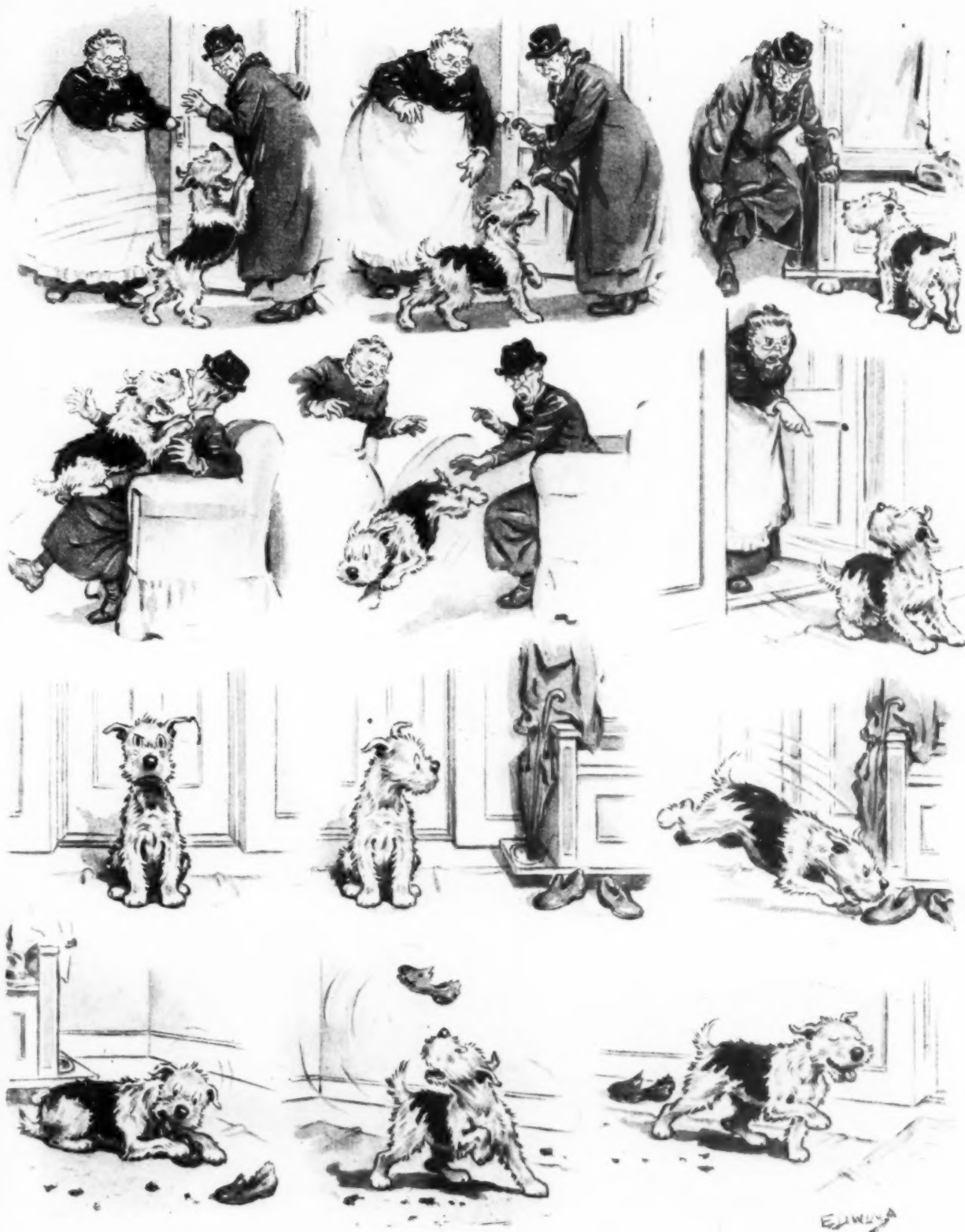
—William Lyon Phelps.

An asterisk, I think, is just about the most ignoble work of man.

—Heywood Broun.



The road to Mandalay.



SINBAD
So she doesn't like dogs!
 (13)

Life in Washington

THE dries may be on the run but they don't seem to know it. Yale votes wet, 5 to 1, and shows that 71% of the undergraduates drank in 1930, as compared to 56% in 1911, but Irving Fisher (the boy who proved last fall that the bull market would last forever) says that it really shows that Yale is overwhelmingly abstemious. The dries argue that any place where liquor is sold is a saloon. This ignores the case against the old-fashioned corner saloon of the Methodist crusade, in which alcoholic beverages themselves were not condemned so much as the deliberate anti-social commercial exploitation of alcoholism.

The Supreme Court says a hotel can be padlocked if the guests bring their own liquor; Federal Courts imposed 8,920 years of prison sentences on liquor offenders in eight months of 1929; the homicide rate jumps and Al Capone returned modestly to Chicago. Dan Roper transparently requested a seven years' truce on prohibition agitation. That would see Hoover nicely through his second administration. George Wickersham told the Senate Committee that we're getting dryer and dryer, part and parcel of a general

drive to influence the *Digest* Poll, which is now running wet 2½ to 1. They dug up a Taft letter saying that the 1928 election was a great dry victory. Mr. Taft was more famous for his humor than for his political astuteness. Just the same, is there a case on record where a people who surrendered their liberties did not have to use force to regain them?

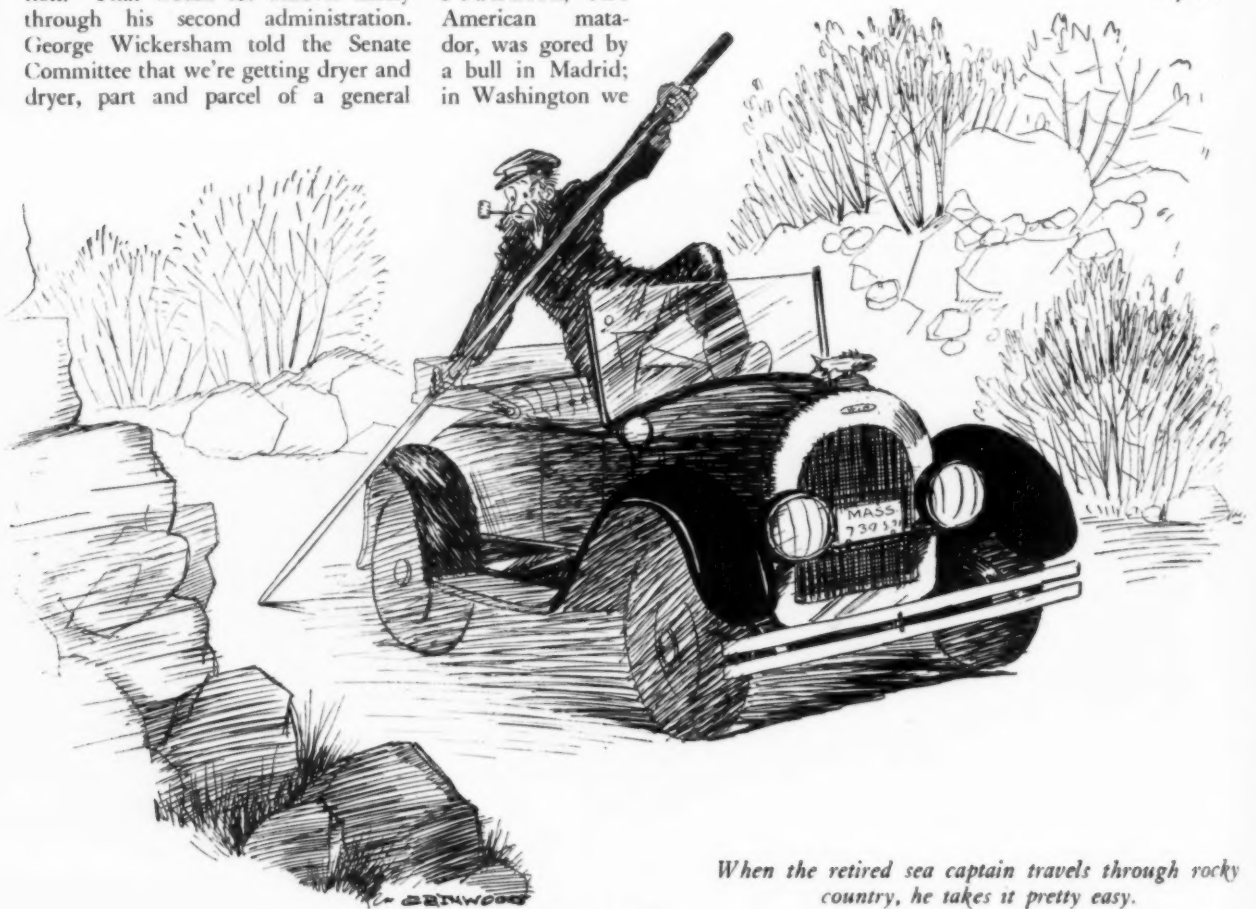
Speaking of violence, the churches ushered in St. Patrick's Day by praying against Russia, where the wearing of the red is much in vogue. Call money dropped to 2%, unemployment is the worst in a generation. Not the best time for a Washington jury to acquit Ed Doheny. To affirm Doheny's innocence after convicting the man he is supposed to have bribed gives an untimely force to the old saying: "You can't convict a million dollars in America."

The Senate, when last sighted, was about to ratify its reservations to the House Tariff Bill. Jim Davis is so pleased with it, that he plans to run as Senator from Grundyland. Sydney Franklin, the American matorador, was gored by a bull in Madrid; in Washington we

are simply bored by the same instrument. Smoot won his fight to deport "Lady Chatterley's Lover," in spite of Senator Cutting's incisive remarks on censorship. The Chairman of the Republican National Committee was taken for a ride by the lobby committee and is about to sit down on the well-known skids. Thirty-six Senators were crazy enough to vote for a protective tariff on petroleum, of which we are the world's greatest producers and exporters.

The naval maneuvers off Haiti proved that we needed more cruisers. If they had proved the opposite it would have been news, but would not have been maneuvers . . . Three British scientists doubt the existence of the new American planet. Now we are sure it should be called "Parity" . . . Hoover has appointed a lily-white Republican from North Carolina to the Supreme Court . . . Washington is wondering if diplomatic immunity involves the right to run down pedestrians, but the new British Ambassador has decided to retain Sir Esme Howard's cellar.

—J. F.



When the retired sea captain travels through rocky country, he takes it pretty easy.



The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

I'm sorry you asked what I thought of early marriage. I hoped one of my children would finish school.

I remember when I took you into Chicago to put you on the train East when you entered Miss Mulligan's. You were so blue at leaving home that you could eat nothing but two pans of Rockefeller oysters, a pompano baked in a bag, some potatoes and a baked Alaska.

I said to myself, "Here is the child who will graduate; no young man will undertake to feed her."

However, I don't object to early marriages, but I think the man should be satisfied with me. Your sister Eloise—you met her once when you were home—married a fellow who doesn't like the way I eat my food. He eats it much better.

Your boy should come and look us over. I hate to be handing checks to fellows who shrink from accepting money from somebody they don't consider their equals.

Peggy, your other sister—the one with the red hair—did much better. Her husband had been a salesman of investment securities and was so grateful for a regular place at the table that he took me right in.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.

Dilley Dallying

If prohibition were repealed it would sure throw a lot of good men out of work. For example, what would poor H. L. Mencken and G. D. Eaton do for a living?

Women go to beauty parlors to get wrinkles removed from their faces and placed in their husband's bank accounts.

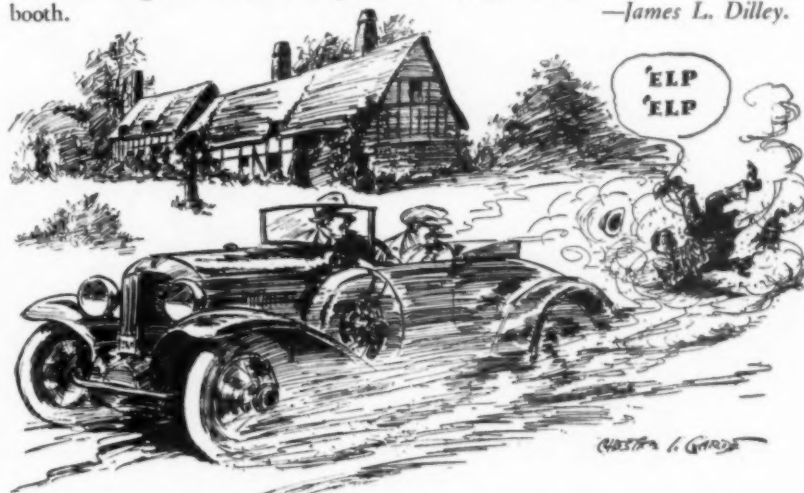
Another thing this country really needs is a good five-cent telephone booth.

Babe Ruth's salary is now more than that of President Hoover. Of course, Hoover can still look forward to a contract from the *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

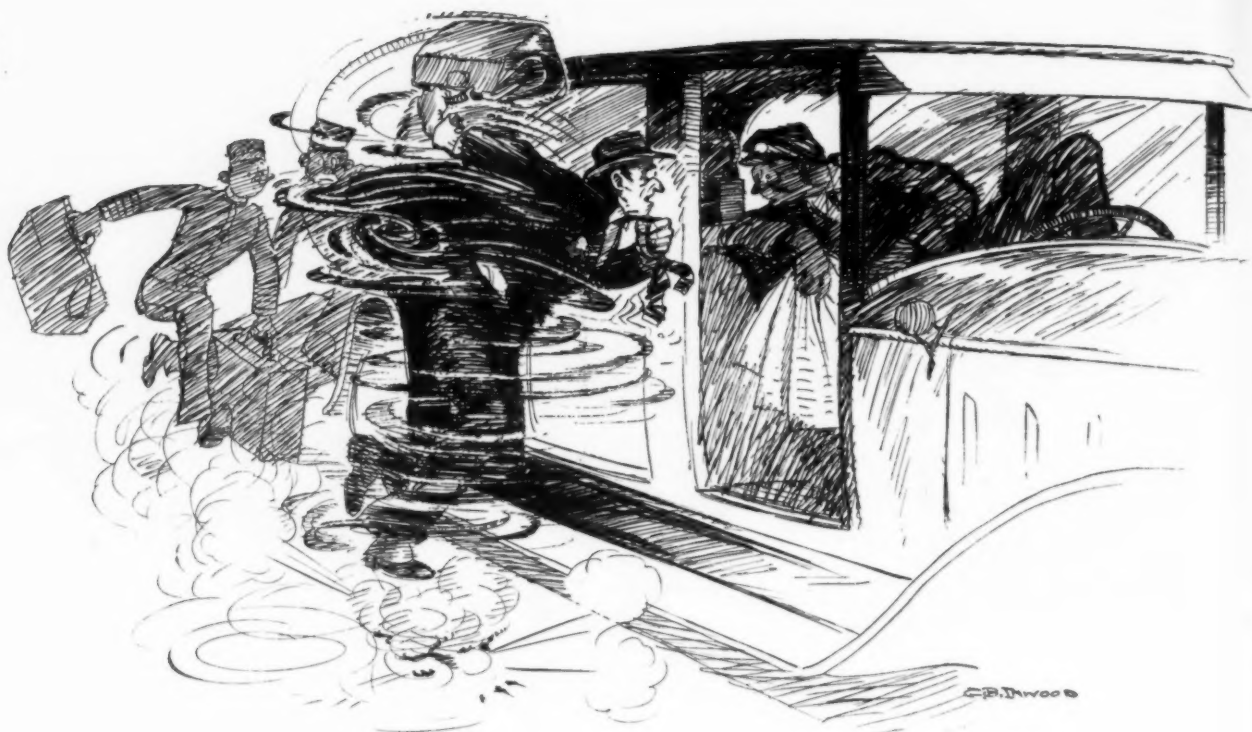
If our representatives at the disarmament conference don't hurry home the next war will be taking place and they'll find themselves interned in prison camps, praying for the arrival of a few good U. S. battleships.

It's too bad that Edison is opposed to drinking. Think of the new cocktails he could invent.

—James L. Dilley.



AMERICAN TOURIST (in England): Well, we certainly knocked the "H" out of that guy.



HUSTLER: Hey, taxi! Charleston boat! Plenty of time! Take the longest way and drive like h——!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

MARCH 20—By the first post a letter from the New York *Evening Post* asking me to answer "Yes" or "No" to the question: "If you were suddenly to acquire one million dollars, would you abandon the work with which you are now identified?" and whilst I was pondering how I should truthfully reply, it did occur to me that had I deserted my present profession long since and set up as a fortune teller, I should now *have* the million dollars, and be in the position of Jane Bausman, who, receiving a letter from a beautician recommending a series of treatments guaranteed to improve the condition of her facial contour, did sit down and write asking how it had come to Mistress Arden's ears that the condition of her facial contours *needed* improvement. The *Post's* corollary was: "Or would you remain in your present profession, modifying only the degree of mental or physical exertion it demands?"

which was also a poser, since there is a fairly general opinion that I could not devote less mental or physical exertion to my work without lying flat on the floor and making signs. But I do mean to take the matter seriously, having a high regard for the editorial

activities of Mr. Julian Mason, and after all, the questionnaire is being conducted only to test a conclusion arrived at experimentally by Dr. Kitson of Columbia, which is that "a very considerable number of persons are dissatisfied with their life work and

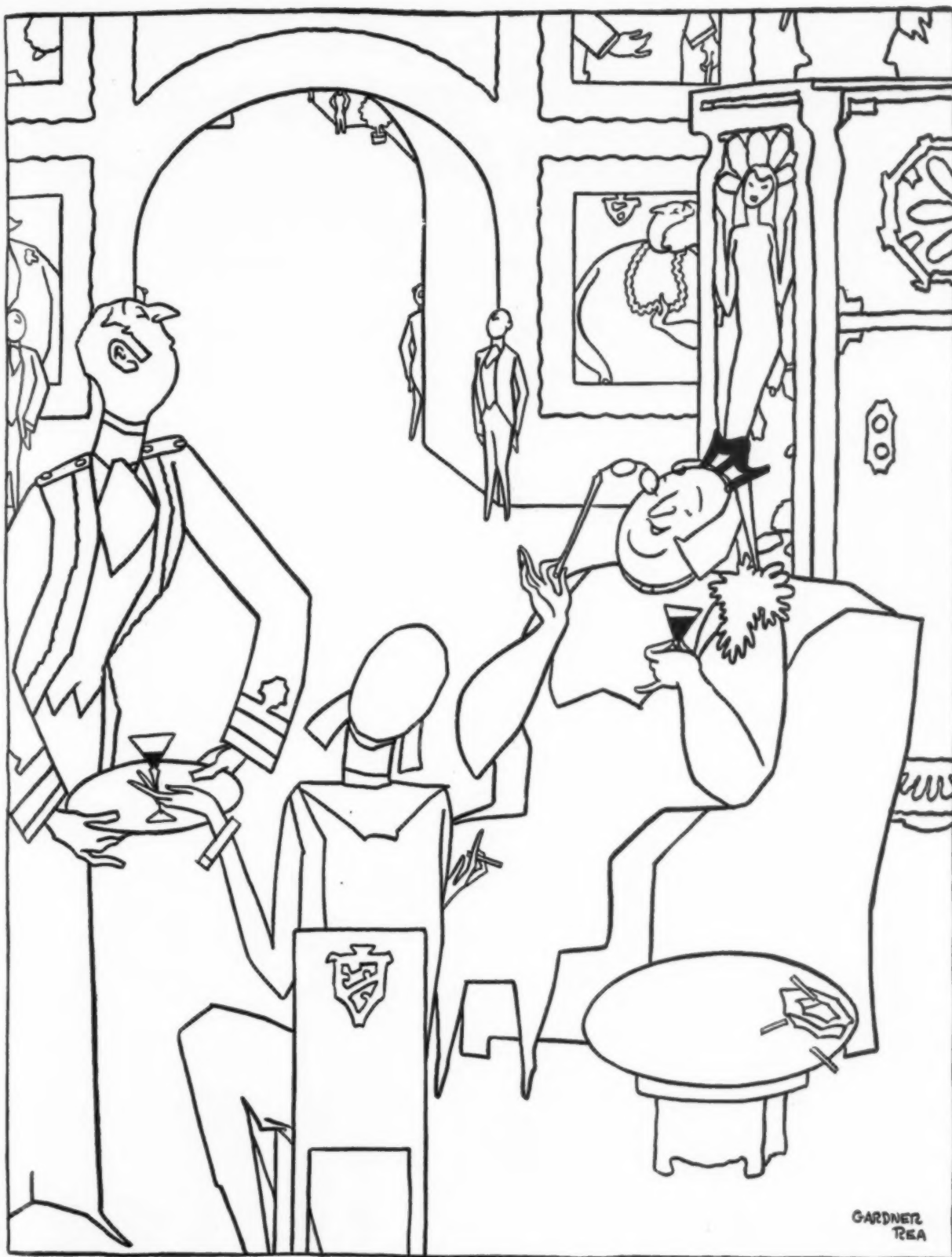
would drop it the moment they attained a state of financial independence which removed the necessity for income-producing labor." I am also reminded of the college professor who, being asked the name of his favorite author, responded "Rabelais," and then, being told that his reply was to be published, hastily quoth, "O hell, say Shakespeare!"

MARCH 21—The first day of spring, and here am I with only one new silk frock and two evening gowns in the extremely long mode, having been deterred from making rash investments in my wardrobe during the past six months by the fact that it was fairly well stocked and by the constant underground rumor that the fashions are to change. To luncheon at Marge Boothby's,



Portrait of a perfect wife.

(Continued on Page 31)



"Of course we were going abroad, but we just couldn't bear to leave Amos 'n Andy."

New York Life



Curbing Unemployment

PEOPLE who think the unemployment situation is tough should linger around *Times Square* in the vicinity of the *Palace* some bright afternoon . . . here the seeker after succor will find any number of bad actors out of work and telling the world about it . . . he will hear a slick *Broadway* sheik with a purple suit, checked vest and raspy nasal voice tell how the "talkies" are ruining the legitimate stage . . . he'll hear another tell how he signed up with "William A." for four grand a week but that the show doesn't go into rehearsal until fall . . . he'll see a sad-eyed musician listening to the "canned" music coming through the open door of a movie house . . . there's nothing sadder than an actor out of work, unless it's an actor at work.

Gentlemen of the New School

The wets are overlooking a perfectly swell argument which is right under their noses . . . before prohibition they argued that people were learning temperance in spite of liquor and the saloons and the minute the Eighteenth Amendment went over they forgot it . . . the same transition has been going on for the past ten years . . . since the advent of prohibition we have been learning temperance in spite of more liquor and more saloons . . . it naturally took three or four years for the novelty of prohibition to wear off . . . drinking, because it was prohibited, became a new fad and people who never thought of indulging before started in at a great rate with catastrophic results . . . there's nothing worse than a

person drinking who doesn't know how to drink . . . drinking is much the same as golf—it takes years to learn the game . . . gradually even the tyros learned how to handle their liquor and not go berserk all over the place on four or five cocktails . . . even the gent who thought to worm his way into hitherto closed circles via liquor found the going tougher as time went on . . . in the past two years drinking to excess has decreased remarkably . . . two years ago you could step into most any speakeasy and find the place full of stupefied guests . . . today a souse in a speakeasy is a strange sight . . . the drys will probably laugh heartily at this, but if *Mr. Brookhart*, for example, wants to make a little bet I'll take him on a wet tour that will open his eyes and I'll give him a dollar for every blotto he finds!

Hello, Sucker!

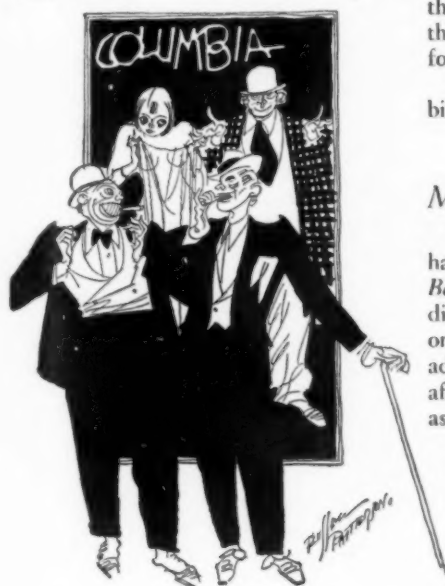
The dear public may be learning temperance through trial of a noble experi-

ment, but it is still feeble-minded in other respects . . . it is still the *Great American Sucker* . . . it not only pays a dollar for a fifteen-cent highball made of diluted liquor made synthetically, but it buys suspenders because *Cecil Celebrity* wears them, smokes cigarettes because *Cyril Soandso* smokes them, sleeps in certain beds because *Mrs. Blah-blah* recommends it, and so on ad nauseum . . . and it is told just what to do in literature . . . it reads certain books selected by commercial literary clubs or guilds, and columns and columns of hokey because famous names are signed to them . . . all an editor needs to be successful these days is the latest copy of "Who's Who" . . . if the articles are signed by *Calvin Coolidge*, *Eddie Cantor*, *Chic Sales* or *Peggy Joyce*, the *Great American Sucker* will fall for it . . . he doesn't judge the worth of what he reads by the material itself—he judges it by the name tacked on to it . . . and the funny part of it is that he doesn't see through the gold brick . . . he doesn't know that the

The Unemployed Menace around Times Square



majority of these "famous" spasms are written by "ghost" writers . . . he doesn't know that the comic strip by the "famous" cartoonist which he howls at every night is really drawn by a \$50 a week "ghost" while the great cartoonist sits back and draws nothing but his breath and a hundred thousand or so a year . . . and if he doesn't know this and will fall for it, why shouldn't the man who is supposed to please him take advantage of the fact? . . . it's the old American custom . . . never give a sucker an even break! . . . why should a great



man do all that hard work when he can hire some underling to do it and the Great American Sucker won't know the difference? . . . well, you say breathlessly, why shouldn't the great man take pride in the work itself, even if it isn't appreciated? . . . check and double check! . . . he should, Old Man Reader, and if he were a great artist he would, but there are few great artists today in any line . . . this is the Synthetic Age . . . Synthetic liquor, synthetic jewelry, synthetic literature, synthetic art, synthetic everything! . . . Ah, the futility of it All!

Our Own Serial

The Main Stem Murders

(Synopsis—Terrible things have happened! A veritable slaughter of newspaper columnists has taken place! Walter Watchall murdered! Then Louis Sapolio! Then, in order of their disappearance, Wayward Broom, O. O. Massacre, F. B. A., Hide Budley. Some evil (or good) influence is at work! Read on!)

"This is baffling!" cried Police Com-

missioner Moby Dick as he jumped through the window into the drawing room of Philo Nance. "Four more columnists murdered!"

"Great work!" ejaculated the great detective. "Who are they this time?"

"Nuts Bare, Arthur Fizz-brain, Chic Sails and Jay Bug House!"

"Amazin'!"

"Funny thing about this House fellow," vouchsafed Moby Dick. "The coroner said that the bullet really didn't kill the man, that he was dead before it struck him!"

"Shuah," said Nance. "That bird's been dead twenty years!"

(Continued next week!)

Manna-About-Town

The funniest thing these old eyes have seen in a long time is a "Spelling Bee" in a night club . . . this latest diversion is called "Ghost" . . . someone says a letter, and the next person adds another to it, either before or after, the idea being to keep it going as long as possible with each person adding a letter, without making a complete word . . . the one completing the word is the goat . . . the city is going very "gamey"—there's a crap game on nearly every subway platform . . . the salute of the

Hotel Piccadilly doorman . . . the singing in "The Green Pastures" . . . "Trumpet in The Dust" by Gene Fowler . . . suggested gag for those pests in night clubs Who Keep Right On Talking Loudly During A Floor Show—turn a spotlight on them . . . why doesn't someone tell the dear gels that evening gowns and wraps look funny at prize fights . . . The Man With The Sense of Humor who filled in six coupons with the names of Mabel Willebrandt,



Henry Ford, Andrew Volstead, Senator Brookhart, Senator Borah and John D. Rockefeller and sent them in to LIFE's War Chest . . . and speaking of LIFE's War Chest—send in your dollar—Join the Army and See The Repeal! . . . a new libation called the Barney Gallant—two-thirds rye, one-third lemon juice, powdered sugar, the white of an egg and fill up with vichy.



Theatre • by Ralph Barton

IF ANYONE is toying with the idea of dropping in to see G. B. Stern's dramatization of her novel, "The Matriarch," it might be just as well to be armed in advance with a few odd bits of information essential to a clear understanding of the play; especially if one hasn't, as I hadn't, read the book. When as many words as can be pronounced in two hours' time, at an ordinary rate of speaking, are extracted from a monumental novel and made into a play, the play is invariably about as comprehensible and entertaining as a telephone conversation between a pair of unknown lovers that one has accidentally cut in on. One feels sure that all the pretty words one overhears must be loaded with meaning to the people who are saying them, and that if one just knew a *little* about the people one would be tremendously interested in the words. For example, the words: "Darling, will you come with me for a ride tonight?" would make exceedingly dull eavesdropping if one overheard them spoken into a telephone by Mr. X, but the same words would be deliciously thrilling if one knew they were dropping from the lips of Al Capone.

Realizing that people and not words make drama, the thoughtful management of "The Matriarch" provides its customers, along with the program, with a genealogical chart of the Rakonitz family, in which, of course, Anastasia Rakonitz (played, in this country, by Constance Collier instead of by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who made a success of the play in London) is the self-appointed and domineering Matriarch and the subject of play and book. One glance at this chart and all is clear. One has only to bear in mind that old Simon Rakonitz, of Pressburg, who was born in 1776—which is an easy date for Americans to remember—married Babette Weinberg and begat Sigismund and Albrecht. Albrecht married Elsa Czelovar and went to London, which let *him* out as far as the play is concerned. But Sigismund traveled and married twice and in other ways showed himself progressive-minded and it was only natural that his daughter (by his first wife, Olga Bettelheim, and not by his second wife, Clementina Civrian) should turn out to be such an extraordinary woman.

By this time, we have all guessed

that Sigismund's daughter was none other than Anastasia, the Matriarch, and that brings us right down to the characters that are actually in the play and we can settle back to enjoy ourselves. Anastasia's sister, Simone, and her brother Dietrich, are not, it is true, in the play, but her brothers, Felix and Maximilian, and her half-brother, Louis, and her half-sister, Wanda, are very much so, as are the wife of her eldest son by her first husband; her eldest son's children, Antoinette and Gerald; her youngest daughter by her



"Always welcome to Broadway, Mister—ah—Mister—um-m-m-m—"

first husband and *her* husband and *their* son, Daniel; and Valentine, the daughter of her daughter by her second husband, Karl Czelovar. It will be seen that this makes Toni (as Antoinette is sometimes called, to make it easier) and Val (as Valentine is called) first cousins, once removed, while Wanda is obviously Sophie's aunt; and Anastasia is Toni's, and Gerald's, and Daniel's (or Danny's), and Val's grandmother.

Once this is straight, one begins to understand why all those odd looking people standing about the stage aren't given seats like the rest of the audience and the play begins to take on interest. It becomes perfectly natural that Uncle Max should clutch at his morning coat and die of heart failure when Isaac Cohen, the old family creditor, springs the bad news about the mines being worthless, for a reference to the score-card shows that Toni, who is to be Matriarch when she grows up and gets

fat, is Uncle Max's grandniece. This reminds us of our own grandnieces and we know how he must feel to throw the family debt of honor onto the shoulders of his own sister's granddaughter.

Since these facts are brought out in one chart, one prologue and three acts, "The Matriarch" affords a nice, pleasant evening in a warm theatre to anyone who has been away with the Byrd expedition and hasn't been around much lately. I have an unconfirmed rumor from Washington, however, that Senator Smoot, as soon as he has finished saving us from contamination by foreign literature, will try to put through a Constitutional Amendment against dramatization of novels. May he never die until I kill him.

FRITZ LEIBER is again in town with a repertory of ten or so of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Leiber is a simple, serious, conscientious and intelligent actor, and his productions are sensibly and tastefully staged. For the true lover of the plays, it seems to me that Mr. Leiber offers a purer and more satisfying reading than any of the celebrated, strutting stars. Certainly, from the benches, one is more conscious of the presence of the Bard than of a high-salaried Presence from the Lamb's Club.

JUST as Fred Stone leaves town with his pugnaciously pure "Ripples," after a run of a month and a half, the notoriously noble-minded William Hodge moves in with a new play from his own Corona in which he cuts loose something scandalous. It looks as if the time had come for New York to be destroyed by a pillar of fire. "The Old Rascal" is a California judge who strikes oil late in life and comes to New York to blow in his millions. Not content to write the entire play in double-meanings, some of which are excessively raw, Mr. Hodge arranges to undress before your eyes and go to bye-bye with a beautiful brunette dumb-bell and to boast about it for two acts. It is low farce-comedy of the tenth order and interesting only because of its author's sudden change of mind. Is this what happens to clean-livers and right-thinkers after a certain age? If so, I am going to learn to smoke cigarettes and tell naughty stories right now.



MICHAEL AND MARY

Edith Barrett and Henry Hull in A. A. Milne's play at Charles Hopkins' Theatre.

MOVIES • by Harry Evans

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa"

WIDELY advertised as a picture that is revolutionary in idea and direction, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" turns out to be a fine dramatic spectacle that is only revolutionary in that Director Herbert Brenon has had the courage to stick to the original version by Arnold Zweig instead of searching about for the usual Hollywood Pollyanna ending. If you have read the novel you know that the leading character is executed, thus firmly establishing the point of the book, which is that the rules of war are opposed to all the natural human instincts of brotherhood and fair play. This execution scene, by the way, is a classic bit of photography. In sticking closely to the lengthy Zweig story Mr. Brenon was faced with a recurrence of dramatic situations that defied his ingenious efforts to obviate repetition in action and dialog. Fortunately, however, Mr. Brenon, or one of his advisers, saw the advisability of ending the film immediately after the execution of Grischa. Had the story been carried further it would have resulted in an anticlimax.

There is one point we found a bit difficult to reconcile. The two principal Russian characters speak plain American; two of the German officers have very decided British accents and the other two growl their German gutturals in the most approved Prussian manner. The movies have seen fit to adopt this license in dialect as a regular course, which certainly detracts from realism regardless of the proficiency of the performers.

Chester Morris continues his excellent screen work as Grischa; Betty

Compson is adequate as his sweetheart; and the four officers are ably represented by Alec Francis, Leyland Hodgson, Jean Hersholt and Gustav von Seyffertitz. There is also a very fine performance by Paul McAllister as Corporal Sacht. At the risk of being considered a bit peculiar, this reviewer wishes to say that he found Herr von Seyffertitz the most interesting personality in the cast . . . perhaps because he is the one most in character.

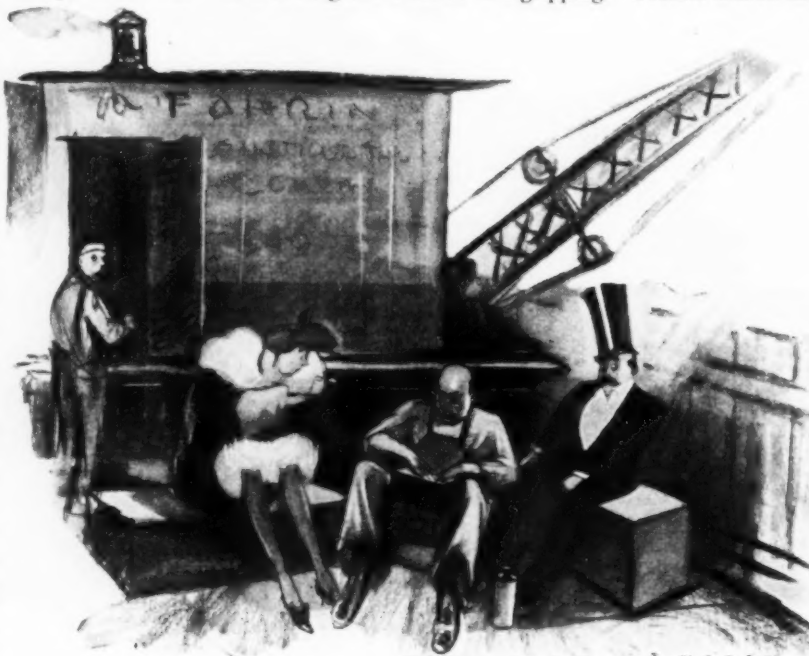
We commend Mr. Brenon for his intelligent, courageous direction. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" is a gripping

romantic story, probably because they thought a woman would be in sympathy with the heroine of the story. The excessive detail indicates that Miss Arzner was too much in sympathy with her.

We could cover the matter by advising you to see any picture in which the exceptionally talented Miss Chatterton appears . . . and that goes in this case despite the fact that the story goes into frequent tail-spins from which it is saved by the efforts of the star and her two efficient co-workers, Fredric March and Master Philippe de

Lacy. Philippe, by the way, is one of the few child actors who seems to have discovered the late Chauncey Depew's secret of growing old gracefully. Most of these prodigies develop self-consciousness between the ages of ten and sixteen, but it begins to look as though Philippe is going to weather the period during which his voice will shift gears without damage to his professional reputation.

The climax of the film is reached in a scene that relies for effectiveness on the



"Good heavens, Mrs. Peebles—Gwendolynne has forgotten to put in the serviettes."

drama as well as a grim and convincing argument against war.

"Sarah And Son"

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON has done everything in the movies except play a harmonica and give bird imitations. In this one she dances a waltz clog, sings cradle songs and speaks German dialect. Put them all together they spell mother in "Sarah And Son" . . . a mother whose struggles to overcome poverty and establish a legal claim to her long-lost son take up entirely too much film. In selecting a director Paramount nominated Do-

an O'Connell, who had made the same assumption that a child who had been separated from his mother at the age of two would recognize her at the proper moment ten or twelve years later. Such a precocious lad would probably be able to spot Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle in the dark with a beard on.

Before Fredric March entered the movies he pursued a banking career in which he was sponsored by Harry Benedict. This picture gave Mr. Benedict his first opportunity to view his former protégé's screen work, and though he was delighted with his friend's histrionic ability, he spoke regretfully of

(Continued on Page 34)

A Terrible Revenge

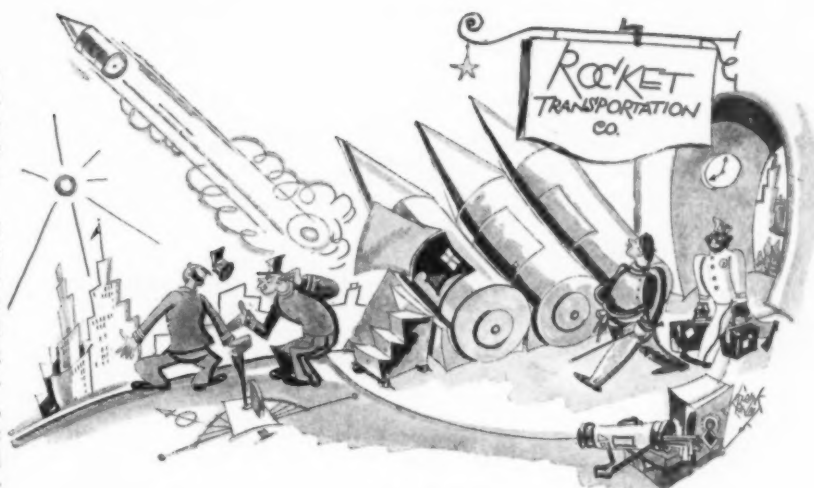
HERE are the facts, and you are the judge. If I did wrong, I'm sorry. Of course I realize that my being sorry won't help matters. The damage is done. I simply lost my temper and took my revenge.

The truth of it is George Mitts got on my nerves from the first. He smoked cigars without taking off the band. We would be playing bridge (quarter of a cent a point) and instead of bidding or passing he would just sit there and imitate Amos 'n' Andy. Always, when he came in from a movie, he insisted on describing it. His tie and socks harmonized. He would send the hall boy out for more ginger ale and then not offer him a drink or tip him. Just, "Thank you." That's all he would say to the hall boy.

Oh, there were dozens and dozens of such things. He would play the radio loud. If women were present he pretended to like classical music. He would try to smell artificial flowers. Just little things like that, you know. Sort of irritating.

Well, I lost my temper. I don't recall now what it was about. Some trivial something. I think it was because he asked me a question and then kept right on talking without waiting for me to answer. That may have been it. Anyway, when I lost my temper I forget myself completely. All I could think of was revenge.

"George," I said, and I winked at him. "Let's go for a walk." He agreed. Three doors from the entrance to his apartment I stopped. "George,"



IN 1950.

"Say, why don't you keep your mind on your job—you've sent that passenger to Mars and he only wanted to go to Havana."

I said as I winked again, "let's go in here." We went inside.

It was a speakeasy. There was the shiny bar and there was the smiling bartender. "Bartender," I said, "this is George Mitts, a friend of mine. Any time he comes around let him in, it's all right."

"Golly," said George. "This is great. Here I have been almost a year without knowing there was a speakeasy three doors from my apartment."

I smiled and left him. My revenge was complete. There is nothing you can do to friend or foe that's worse than introducing him at a speakeasy too conveniently located.

—A. L. Anniston.

GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Lonmowers.
Portch Swings.
Cabbidge Patches.
Bobwire Fences.

They tell of a "yes" man in Hollywood who said "yes" so often that he got a dimple in his chin from bumping it on a pearl tie pin.

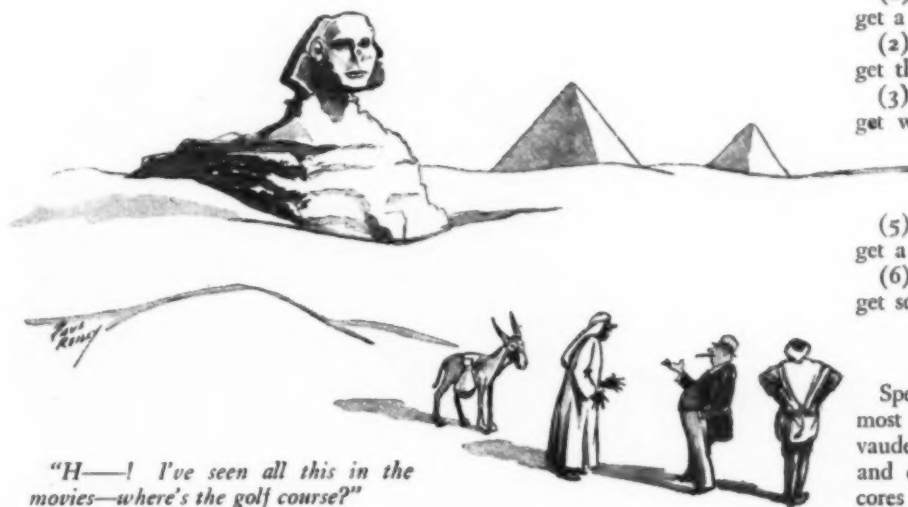
Anagrins

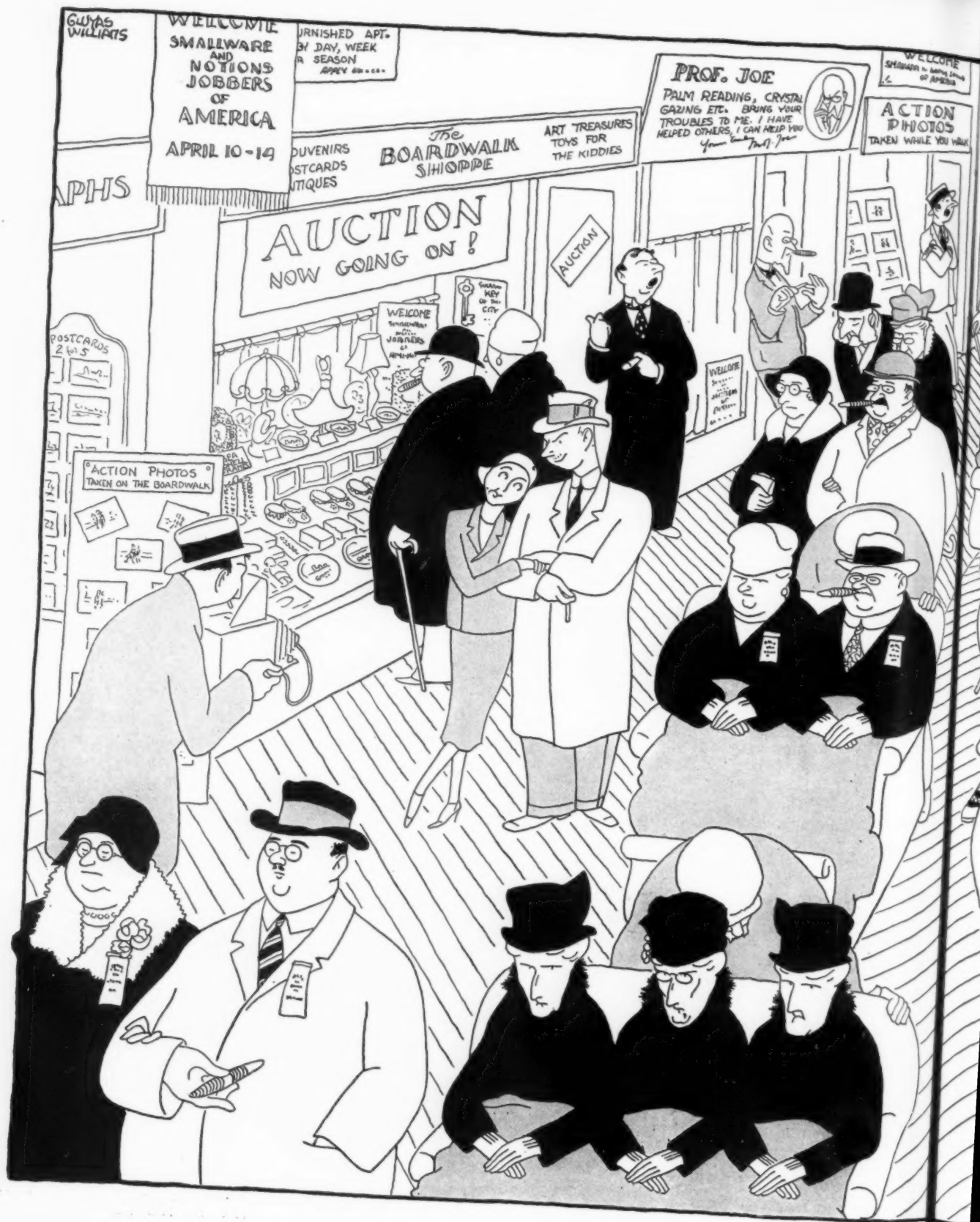
Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined. *shovel*

- (1) Scramble *loves* with an *h* and get a gold digger.
- (2) Scramble *tread* with an *n* and get the best kind of love.
- (3) Scramble *gamin* with an *e* and get what he is to his parents.
- (4) Scramble *source* with an *a* and get a pleasant way to pass the time.
- (5) Scramble *alien* with an *h* and get a pleasant way to smoke.
- (6) Scramble *mailer* with an *s* and get some modern literature.

(Answers on Page 34)

Speaking of fellows who get the most out of LIFE, there was one vaudevillian who got a brand new act and enough extra gags for three encores out of one issue alone.







The Boardwalk.



OTTAWA, Ont.—American tourists will see dinosaurs, mammoths and mastodons along the lines of the Canadian National Railways this summer. Likenesses of these prehistoric beasts are to be modelled in concrete to show travelers the kind of wild life which used to roam the land. *How about one of a road hog, too?*

LONDON, Eng.—Population of our jails steadily decreases. England is abandoning three more important institutions, and prison population has decreased from 20,000 in 1904 to 7,000 in 1929. In the last sixteen years not less than 28 prisons have been closed.

Britannia also rules the crime waves.

LEGHORN, Italy—Having spoken disrespectfully of Mussolini on a train, Elie Merigi, twenty-six, French, is in jail for six months. He also was fined fifty dollars.

DRESDEN—A movement has been initiated here to have the school children of Saxony taught to be especially polite and helpful to all foreigners. Hotel owners and others interested in the tourist traffic are behind the movement.

Hello, sucker!



The Redcap's Wife.

PARIS—Trolley car patrons needn't miss their cocktails now.

A slot machine that mixes Martinis, Manhattans and Bronxes, olives and cherries included, has been installed at one of the busiest boulevard corners, just within reaching distance of the trolley station.

The "public highway cocktail mixer" has proved an instantaneous success.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—Sales of liquors, wines and beer to the amount of \$4,511,365.10, of which 65% went to tourists, were made in the fiscal year ending October 31, 1929, by the New Brunswick Liquor Control Board, it is announced in the annual report of the board just issued.

LONDON, Eng.—By asserting in the House of Commons, "I am speaking as an English gentleman," Sir Austen Chamberlain has been much taken to task by political critics. It is contended that "I am speaking as an Englishman" would have been sufficient. Referring to the remark, the *Daily Mail* points out that the "gentleman" complex has produced such horrible forms as "my gentleman friend," "perfect little gentleman," and "charlady."

PARIS—A. Jackson Stone, the only American sausage manufacturer in France, has invented a balloon that is inflated just enough to lift a golf bag a foot off the ground, and which can be anchored while the player is making a stroke. He predicts that it will soon replace caddies, because "a balloon can't make bright remarks."

KILMARNOK, Scotland—In order to save material and at the same time make more convenient arrangements for courting couples, it has been decided to build seats for two only in Fairlie Glen, as the present seats for six are never occupied by more than one couple at a time.

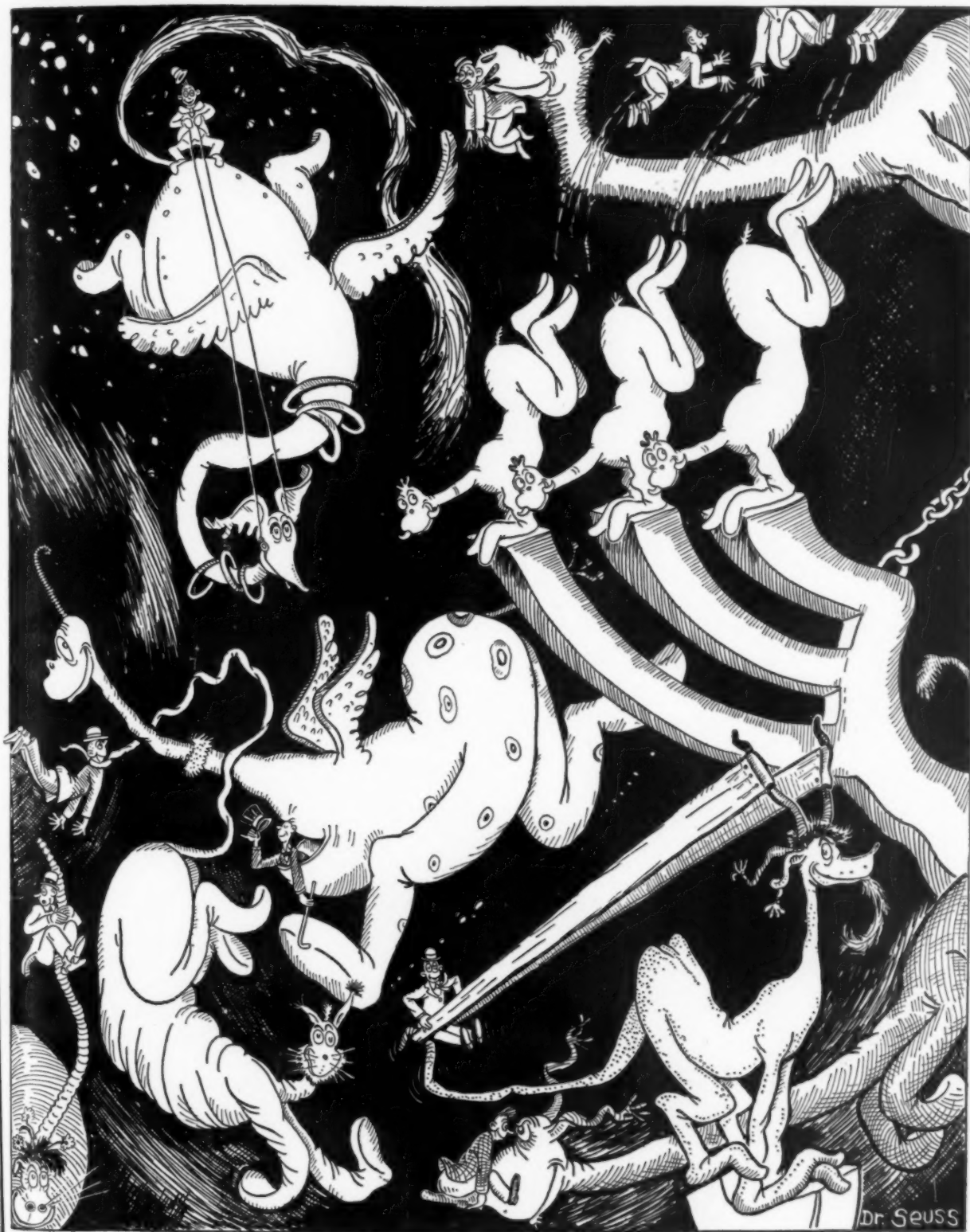
PARIS—American tourists to the number of 220,000 visited France during 1929 and spent in this country a total of \$200,000,000, according to estimates on the tourist trade published today by the French Tourist Office.

According to the Department of Commerce, 230,000 American tourists spent \$220,000,000 in France in 1928. In 1927, 255,000 American visitors spent \$190,000,000.

MOSCOW, Russia—A new Soviet policy of leniency recently showed itself in Russia and was extended to the restaurants of Moscow. Municipal authorities ordered them all to serve meats to everyone regardless of social status. The order rescinds a previous action barring disenfranchised persons—private traders, priests and members of the former aristocracy—from co-operative eating houses.

LONDON, Eng.—The decorum of the House of Commons was upset by a member's use of a time-honored formula. Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor, gave an answer which did not satisfy Sir Frederick Hall, Conservative member for Dulwich. "May I press the Right Honorable Lady," began Sir Frederick, when he was interrupted by loud shouts of "No." Whereupon, Sir Frederick apologized and reframed his query.

LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS



A study of the unusual systems of transportation running between "Zelli's" and the "Dead Rat" in the Montmartre District of Paris.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Fifty-five characters on the sidewalks of New York. Elmer Rice's prize winning drama.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Quiet heroics on the British front. R. C. Sheriff's great war play.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—Simple and delightful comedy about an English inn and its occupants. By John Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Very funny and slightly naughty goings-on in a small town.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An opera singer, a virgin, a judge, a policeman and the proprietor make perfect comedy in a speakeasy.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder in a subway car which keeps you at high pitch until it is solved.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—An evening with the song-writers, crammed with side-splitting laughter.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Beautiful fantasy with some acting of the first order by Leslie Howard.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The henpecked Donald Meek stages a revolution against the wife.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *George M. Cohan*—Potash and Perlmutter stuff.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A poor little rich girl and boy come terribly near the Brink.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Sentimental history of a peck of trouble a young author and his wife get into.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death, in mufti, spends a week-end with some uncomfortable mortals. Fine performance by Philip Merivale.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—A cast of one puts on one of the best shows in town.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George wins her husband back from the second Mrs. Fraser. Delicate comedy by St. John Ervine.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Forty-Eighth Street*—Minna Gombell wins her husband back from a cutie. Trashy comedy by what's-his-name.
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Hope Williams wins her husband back from Katherine Leslie. Wise-cracking comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart.
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell commits an appallingly cold-blooded murder for no very good reason.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How the public is robbed in France. Brilliant satire finely acted by Frank Morgan.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. The most gripping, terrifying and one of the best acted plays to be seen.
- ★THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Weird yarn of a fancy woman who weds a Scotch student. Helen Menken.
- ★APRON STRINGS. *Cort*—Jefferson De Angelis in a slight comedy of mother influence.
- ★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Neighborhood infidelities in Westchester.
- ★THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mr. and Mrs. Coburn present the nice side of Babbitt.
- ★THE APPLE CART. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The virtues of constitutional monarchy and the vices of rule by the people. Bernard Shaw's newest and dullest play.

- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—A Negro cast presents the ignorant dorky's notion of the Bible story. Marc Connelly's reverent, beautiful and highly amusing play.
- LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE. *President*—Pompous nonsense in blank verse.
- THE BLUE GHOST. *Forrest*—Mystery trash.
- ★A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY. *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Nazimova in Turgenev's comedy of Russian country life in 1840. Calm and pleasant.
- ★THE MATRIARCH. *Longacre*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Constance Collier wins in the complicated affairs of the Rakonitz family.
- I WANT MY WIFE. *Liberty*—Dreadful stuff.
- FRITZ LEIBER. *Shubert*—In his repertory of ten of Shakespeare's plays.
- THE OLD RASCAL. *Bijou*—Comedy by and with William Hodge.
- DEAR OLD ENGLAND. *Ritz*—A comedy about dear old England.

Musical

- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$6.60—Will Mahoney and the girls in the best thing Carroll has done.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—The gayest and most colorful of the lot. Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—The Americans in Paris. Cole Porter's music. One of the real hits.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—The musical comedy with an intelligent book. Clark and McCullough, and the Gershwin's words and music.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—A fine, big Ziegfeld affair, with Ed Wynn.
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$6.60—Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Pearl and Harry Richman in a cheap but extravagant show.
- FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—Bert Lahr is extremely funny and the show is good enough.

Movies

- THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, SARAH AND SON AND ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—In this issue.
- SONG O' MY HEART—Authentic reproduction of John McCormack's voice in a charming setting.
- THE ROGUE SONG—Authentic reproduction of Lawrence Tibbett's voice in a garish setting.
- THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King is one of the few tenors who fights and loves convincingly.
- ANNA CHRISTIE—Greta Garbo triumphs in her first talkie with the help of Marie Dressler and Director Clarence Brown.
- MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Moving drama of the U. S. Submarine Service.
- CHASING RAINBOWS—Pretty good entertainment for those who are not sick of backstage plots, and we hope they both enjoy it.
- STREET OF CHANCE—William Powell's remarkable characterization of a refined Rothstein.
- SONG OF THE WEST—John Boles and Vivienne Segal badly handicapped by poor recording. Joe Brown and the scenery are good.
- SON OF THE GODS—Richard Barthelmess speaks Chinese and gives his best performance since "Tol'able David."
- SO LONG LETTY—Charlotte Greenwood wise-cracking agreeably in the ancient musical comedy.
- DANGEROUS PARADISE—Richard Arlen takes Nancy Carroll to a South Sea Island and falls in love with her. Who wouldn't?

(Continued on Page 30)



FIRST THEATRE-GOER (returning after interval in open air): I say, the Second Act doesn't seem to have much bearing on the First.
SECOND THEATRE-GOER: Of course it doesn't. We've come back to the wrong theatre.
—Punch, by permission.

SUN-TANNED . . .

their bodies lithely
bend in balance as
the waves rush by



LEAN and healthy under a Pacific sun they ride the curling waves . . . tense, vigorous, clear-eyed, they laugh in sport as the long breakers rumble on the beach at Waikiki . . . and as they lounge along the sand or sit in the cool cafes of the hotels, they find new vigor in drinking "Canada Dry."

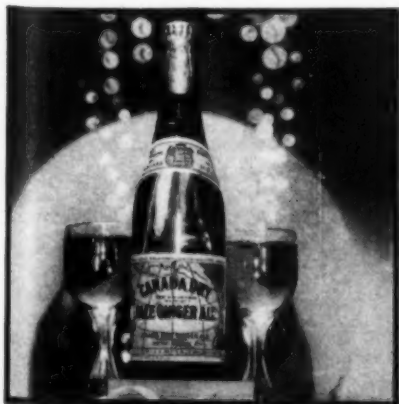
Here is a beverage which suits

the healthy activity of outdoor men and women. Keen as the piercing beauty of a tropic sunrise . . . mellow as a lingering afternoon under the whispering palms . . . delightful as dancing moonlight on the restless, blue Pacific . . . such is the quality, the taste, the marvelous flavor of this fine old ginger ale.

Convince yourself! At the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa it is served.

In great hotels in New York you'll find it. Travel to Paris, London, South America; notice what beverage appears in the saloons of famous transatlantic liners. These are the places where "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

Serve "Canada Dry." It will grace your table as it does those of many, many people. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

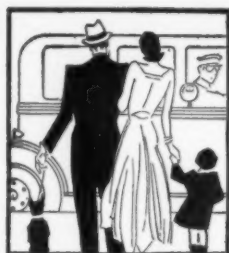


"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930



TO THE ROOSEVELT

because

everyone is going to ask whether you heard Guy Lombardo and his incomparable Hotel Roosevelt orchestra.

LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA

because there is a new thrill awaiting you in the great new buildings in the Grand Central Zone, with the Chrysler Tower pointing a thousand feet heavenward.

SKYSCRAPERS

because when you go shopping and leave the youngsters in charge of the Play Lady in the Teddy Bear Cave, they will count it one of the happiest times in their lives.

TEDDY BEAR CAVE

because an hour or two in the Roosevelt Health Institute will pep you up for a whole week.

HEALTH INSTITUTE

because New York's labyrinth of subways is in direct connection with the hotel via the underground passageway to Grand Central Terminal.

THE SUBWAYS

and finally because when you say that you stopped at the Roosevelt everyone will know that you have enjoyed the last word in luxury and comfort.

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York City
Edward Clinton Fogg, Managing Director



Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 28)

Supper Clubs

**Dressy*
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
H Headwaiter
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A gallant place for a gallant time run by a gallant gentleman. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.

CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nicc. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. *C.\$2. H.Adolph.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1.50. FS.\$2.00. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.

DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.

DOMO, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.

GOVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Ray O'Hara's Orchestra. C.\$1. SMIG.\$2.50. LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTRE, 50 & B'way. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.

NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8th Ave. and 34th St. Bernie Cummings' orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. *C.\$2. S.\$3.

THE NIGHT BOAT, 117 West 48th St. Roger White's orchestra. C.\$2. FS.\$3. H.Bill Walsh.

Records

IMAGINE.....Very slow, soft and sentimental.
ON A BLUE AND MOONLESS NIGHT.....
Usual fox-trot time. Will Osborne crooning sweet nothings. (Columbia)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ.....
Leo Reisman plays a hot tune in his own way.
SINGIN' A VAGABOND SONG.....
.....Nat Shilkret's band. (Victor)

SHE'LL BE COMIN' AROUND THE MOUNTAIN,
HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE.....
Grand fun and distinctly different. Paul Tremaine's band. (Columbia)

THANK YOUR FATHER,
GOOD FOR YOU—BAD FOR ME.....
Two hits from "Flying High" played by the Knickerbockers. (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"The Moon Is Low" (No show)
"Imagine" (No show)
"Sing You Sinners" (Honey)
"Thank Your Father" (Flying High)
"Lucky Little Devil" (No show)

LIFE'S Ticket Service

**We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.*

**If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

• • •

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

• • •

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

• • •

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



April 11, 1930

Vol. 95 Number 2475

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board

CLAIR MAXWELL, President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President

HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer

NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor

PHILIP ROSA, Managing Editor

W. W. SCOTT, Assistant Editor

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.00.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 16)

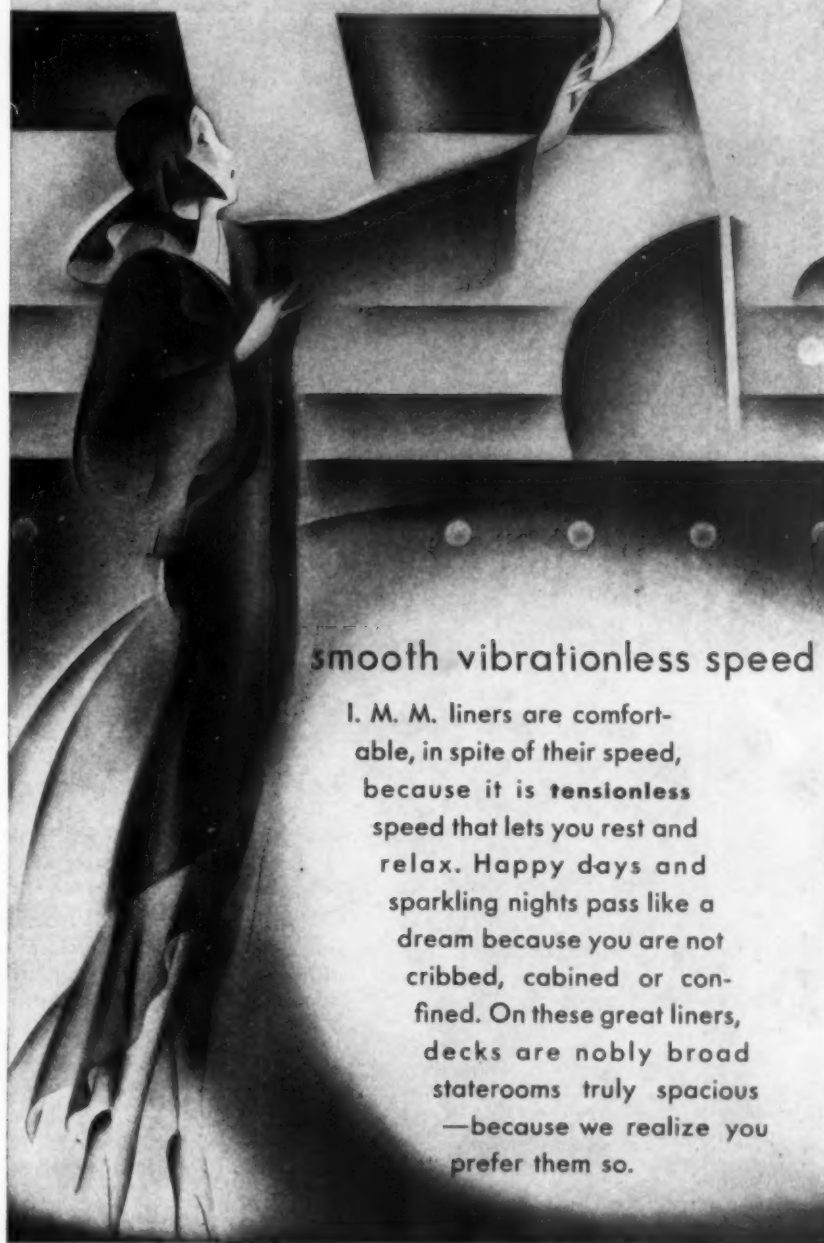
where I did find many of my cronies, and we discussed the ability of various Thespians, I confiding that my favorite actor is Osgood Perkins, and nothing would suit me better than to see him in a different play every week. And Fifi Fidler did tell us of the bar which Biff Haskins has set up in his studio, and which, because of Biff's possession of so many affluent and aged aunts, changes, at the push of a button, into an altar of the best Renaissance traditions. Home betimes, finding Samuel in a great wax through having cut his finger on an envelope flap, which I do grant to be an irritating injury, but Lord! from the way he was going on, you would think he had been brained with a crow-bar, a more serious calamity of which he little knows himself to stand in more or less constant danger. Dinner home, topped off by a fine Stilton well steeped in port, and then to backgammon, a game which not only does make me a nervous wreck, but also an extremely poor sportswoman, a fact which I am at some pains to disguise. But it is well nigh unendurable to me that, after all my men are safely home, Samuel, by a canny Fabian policy, can shake dice to recapture one or two of them, whereas if I hold back with the same vicious idea in mind, he has me out of the running most of the time. And yet the game has such attraction for me, that I do repeatedly put myself in the position of undergoing its agony, which might, upon reflection, not seem so great if my opponent were anybody else but my husband.

—Baird Leonard.

au revoir — they're off!

Off to Europe for the great adventure.

How delightful to start the trip auspiciously on a great **White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport** liner. . . . This year, taste for yourself the thrill of a transatlantic voyage at its distinguished best, on the **Majestic**, world's largest ship, **Olympic, Homeric, Belgenland, Minnewaska**—or any I.M.M. liner. There are rates for every purse and plan. . . .



smooth vibrationless speed

I. M. M. liners are comfortable, in spite of their speed, because it is **tensionless** speed that lets you rest and relax. Happy days and sparkling nights pass like a dream because you are not cramped, cabined or confined. On these great liners, decks are nobly broad staterooms truly spacious—because we realize you prefer them so.

• white star line •

red star line • atlantic transport line

international mercantile marine company

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

Standardized *by* U. S. G. A.



TAKE a good look at me, golfers. I'm the new Wilson HOL-HI. You'll see a lot of me this year on every golf course in the land. I measure 1.68 through the middle . . . I weigh 1.55 . . . I'm just what the U. S. G. A. ordered.

I'm not modest. Modesty is often the inferiority complex of the mediocre. I'm a wonderful ball. I have the guts to stand the gaff, go the distance and stick to the line.

You can hit me as far as you ever hit any golf ball in your life. I'll save you strokes on every nine. I've banished forever the hazard of a close or cuppy lie.

Look for me in your pro's show case. I'll be there, a swell eyeful . . . the Hi-Spot of the layout . . . wrapped in cellophane so you can see what you're getting.

HOL-HI

1.68 diameter

1.55 weight



Produced
by
Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

FOOTBALL . . . BASEBALL . . . BASKETBALL . . . TENNIS

"The Longest Gangplank in the World"

from the heart of Manhattan to
Le Havre de Paris



Main Foyer "Ile de France"

FRANCE, in miniature, given wings below the waterline... that's every French Line ship... the chic of the boulevards, the gayety of the cafés and dance places, the thrill of the shops, the elegance of the ancien régime, the electric modernity that sets a pace for the world... all here, in the stately salons, the broad white decks, the marvellous suites and cabins... The cuisine is Paris, too, in flavor as in name... the service anticipates every wish... Breton seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic in the fifteenth century swing their modern miracles of speed and luxury from New York to Plymouth and Le Havre.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State Street, New York

"France"
Mediterranean-
Carthage Cruise
April 25

"Paris"
May 2 - May 23

"Ile de France"
April 18 - May 15

"De Grasse"
April 23

"Rochambeau"
June 7

"Lafayette"
May 31

Movies

(Continued from Page 22)

the number of women's accounts that have been lost since Fred quit the bank.

The sluggish pace of "Sarah And Son" is a serious fault, but Miss Chatterton's performance is too fine a thing to miss.

"Roadhouse Nights"

ROADHOUSE NIGHTS" is distinguished from the general run of underworld pictures because it introduces a comedian who is destined to be one of the screen's funniest clowns. The gentleman is Jimmy Durante, leading spirit of the well known Broadway comedy team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. In "Roadhouse Nights" the duties of the trio have been restricted for some reason that might possibly be explained by Director Hobart Henley or his superiors. It may be that Clayton and Jackson do not photograph well. The fact remains that Jimmy is as funny looking on the screen as he is on the stage, and just as entertaining. In his few appearances he gets a laugh every time he is allowed to speak.

Mr. Ruggles has been going over so neatly with movie audiences that Paramount has entrusted him with the male lead in this one. The other half of the love interest is Miss Helen Morgan, and while the sentiment will not appeal to the liptomaniacs who like to hear young love sizzle, it is more convincing than the usual athletic pashing. A striking example of the superior mobility of the screen as compared to the stage is shown in a scene during which Miss Morgan sings an entire song without sitting on a piano. The movies have put her on her feet again.

Fred Kohler, who is one of our favorite gangsters, creates a real thrill in the big "punch" scene when he discovers that his girl (Miss Morgan) and Charley are in cahoots against him and starts to give them the works... Then the coast guard arrives just in the nick of time and shoots in the right direction which, of course, spoils the realism.

Good entertainment, but we hope the Paramount Company will not force Jimmy Durante to work out under wraps in his next picture.

Answers to Anagrams

(On Page 23)

- (1) Shovel.
- (2) Ardent.
- (3) Enigma.
- (4) Carouse.
- (5) Inhale.
- (6) Realism.

Alert Men

changing to new kind of shoe
to get new kind of comfort



PERFECT fit, fine leather, tasteful style, no longer are enough to satisfy men who can afford the best.

Every day thousands of them are changing from brands worn for years. They have heard about the new "Active Comfort" offered only by Arch Preserver Shoes and want it!

It's comfort that energizes, exhilarates — comfort that keeps the foot from tiring. So different from comfort that is nothing more than freedom from pain.

Nerves, muscles and blood-vessels enjoy barefoot freedom on the Arch Preserver flat inner sole.

The natural springiness of the step is stimulated by the moulded Arch Preserver metatarsal support.

The long arch retains its youthful strength and buoyancy, all strain and stress being absorbed by the concealed Arch Preserver arch bridge.

These and other exclusive features are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe. They cannot be duplicated because they are patented. Distinguished styles and choicest materials in Custom Grade at \$12.50 and up. Other grades \$10.

Send for booklet and name of dealer.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. L-133, Rockland, Mass.

Also makers of the Wright Shoe, \$8.50 up

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
FOR MEN

Made for women, misses and children by only
The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio



LIFE'S Summer Cottage Contest

What's in a name? Every inhabitant in these United States who happens to own a summer cottage thinks that the name *he* has painted over the front door is just about as clever as all get-out. Well, here's his chance to cash in on it! LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for cottage names that are *really* clever. Come on, you summer cottagers!

A man in Chicago was continually seeing black spots before his eyes, and was so relieved on finding that they were only bullets.

—*London Opinion.*

In some parts of Australia it is a punishable offense for a man to loiter in the roadway. Even if the magistrate doesn't get him, the coroner will.

—*Passing Show.*

BOY: I've found a four-leaf clover, dear.

GIRL FRIEND: That means we will soon be married.

"Oh, but I thought it meant good luck."

—*Answers.*

SHE (anxiously): Why are you going so quickly?

HE: The brakes won't work, so I want to get home before we have an accident.

—*Pearson's.*

WELCOME to NEW YORK and The HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON

31ST ST. AND 7TH AVE.
opposite PENNA. R.R. STATION

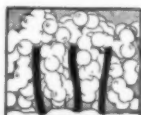


ROOM AND BATH 3⁰⁰ UP



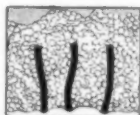
Small-Bubble Lather Makes Shaves Last Longer

Your razor works closer and smoother . . . as a trial will prove



ORDINARY
LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE
LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

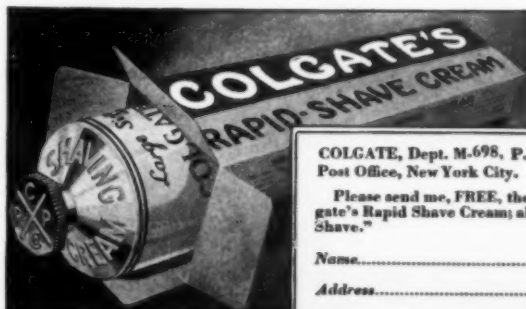
WHEN you finish a Colgate shave, rub your fingers over your face—note that you have a closer shave than with ordinary lather—it's a shave that is bound to last longer.

The reason is plain. There's a vast difference between this new Colgate small-bubble lather and the old-fashioned large-bubble lather. A marked difference in moistening power.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



COLGATE, Dept. M-698, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



EUROPE

A Glorious Adventure For You
This Summer!

A vacation that ends in time only, but which will live on and on in your memory! Europe—make it your playground this Summer! An old world to explore... fascinating sights... healthful, joyous recreation... an entirely different atmosphere... different ways of living... new contacts... altogether a wonderful vacation at moderate cost. Where shall you go?—How shall you go?—The answer is—confer with Cook's; their 89 years of experience in solving every variety of travel problem, is at your service.

They may suggest Individual Travel, one of their special features, enabling the fullest expression of your own ideas and your specific needs. You may start anywhere, anytime. You will be met abroad—and escorted if you so desire.

Or your requirements may best be served by joining one of their Group-Tours. These are many and varied—whether you wish to emphasize luxury or economy.

OBERAMMERGAU

Thos. Cook & Son are Official Agents—have been since 1860. Applications for accommodations, seats, etc., should be made now to ensure satisfaction.

Private automobile and De Luxe Motor Tours—Private or General Airplane Travel—Travellers' Cheques—and 200 Offices in Europe waiting to serve you. Steamship tickets by all lines.

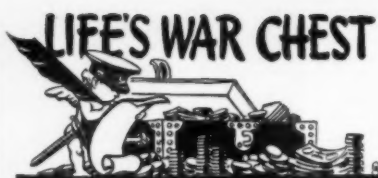
THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

In co-operation with

WAGONS-LITS CO.



With contributions from all over the United States pouring daily into LIFE's War Chest, the Drive against Prohibition is rapidly assuming national proportions.

Following the appearance of the full page advertisements in New York, Chicago, Boston, Detroit and St. Louis, the schedule for the week of March 30th includes Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Cleveland.

LIFE wishes to thank those who have already contributed for their further co-operation in sending out reprints to other friends. This friend to friend chain will do more to link together the anti-prohibition sentiment of the country than anything else.

Thousands of letters have been received and LIFE wishes it had room to print them all. However, here are a few—

"Your advertisement in Monday's Chicago Tribune was positively refreshing.

"We have put up with this prohibition drive long enough. Now I say 'Let's go' is right. We have been waiting for an aggressive leader to really start something and you are certainly to be congratulated on your stand."

"Enclosed herewith please find my contribution of \$10.00 which I trust will help the cause along and I am perfectly willing at any time in the future when you feel the need of any more money, to make additional contributions, if you will have the goodness to let me hear from you.

"I am particularly interested in this question, having spent seventeen years of my life in a college town and I believe that I am well posted on the abuses of Prohibition.

"Seventeen years in this college town, before and after Prohibition, has shown me that it is an absolute failure and if you could know what goes on during the football season and other college activities, you would be able to determine immediately the facts as to the failure of Prohibition. I have no hesitancy in saying that if the present situation continues for any length of time under the existing condition that it will absolutely mean the ruination of our generations to come."

J. C. LAVIN, President,
Hotel Taft, New Haven, Conn.

"I certainly think that every right minded American wants to see an end to the intolerable conditions of hypocrisy and sham which the present Prohibition Laws have brought about.

"More power to you and your drive for the doctrine of Temperance and 'live and let live'."

ALLAN MACDOUGALL, Pres.,
Alice Foote MacDougall & Sons.

"I am enclosing a check for \$2.75 contributed as follows:
\$1.00 from my wife.

.50 from our son (20 months old and a good fellow).

.25 from "Racket", the dog, also a good fellow.

1.00 from Yours Truly."

Happy suggestions for Easter Gifts



The exchange of Easter tokens is a delightful custom—and an easy one to observe—if you shop in your Rexall Drug Store. Delicious Artstyle chocolates—Duska toiletry sets—and all manner of other gifts for every taste and age—are sold only at Rexall Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.



Dear Sir:

I want to commend and add my support to your very interesting and vital advertising campaign that, "Prohibition must go." Check enclosed for \$25.00.

The writer sincerely hopes it is your intention to invade the rural and semi-rural districts where prohibition consistently receives its strongest legislative support and where prohibition has proven a success in the elimination of the village saloon.

The voting farmer and his family and the semi-rural prohibitionist is not confronted with the appalling evils of crime and murder existing in our metropolitan cities nor does he care or concern himself with these conditions or about the bootlegger. The voting women of our rural districts readily influence the real power back of prohibition and it is easy to see and understand their restricted point of view.

It is their general impression and belief that prohibition proved the factor leading to prosperity. Senator Shepard of Texas stated over the radio not long ago that, "The United States developed, progressed and enjoyed greater prosperity the last ten years under the Volstead Act, than during the entire 130 years prior to prohibition."

It is a significant fact that our prosperity has not been equitably distributed. The result of ten years of prohibition is evident. Prosperity in the wet districts and distress in the dry districts.

Our great metropolitan areas, wet in sentiment and wet congressionally, have increased their resources and enjoyments of life. Our agricultural districts, dry in sentiment and with dry majority representation, are in physical and financial distress, almost bordering on a crisis and which prompted and brought about the Federal Farm Relief Act.

The majority of bank failures during the past five years occurred in the dry districts, this in spite of the Federal Farm Loan Banks. The lowest wages paid in the United States are in the dry districts. Since 1921, when prosperity started its boom, the farmer not only failed to share but his financial condition grew worse, as prosperity increased he suffered increased reverses, increased taxation and lost a market for his grain.

A few of these cold hard facts will sink in under the skin of these rural voters, who in blind faith and restricted vision sustain a law and a condition which in apparent evidence has almost forced their ruin.

Yours very truly,

A. B. LAMBERT (Signed)

"Your wonderful ad was read at the breakfast table at The Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. It was passed around and the result is a contribution of \$25.00 from 25 men, engineers, accountants, executives, and scientists. A pretty good cross section—Don't you think?"

—Graham Claytor.



VERY OBLIGING BARBER: And would you like me to sharpen the pencil behind your ear, Sir?

—Punch, by permission.

This **W**ORLD CRUISE has a "5th ACE"

● Not only (1) a 137-day itinerary which concentrates on high-spots . . . (2) a cruise-calendar which follows spring around the world . . . (3) a distinguished ship of 21,850 gross tons, Empress of Australia . . . (4) a cuisine of New York-Paris standards, a service of kindly, personal interests . . . not only these but also a "5TH ACE" in world-cruising. ● This "5th Ace" is Canadian Pacific's world network of rail, ship and hotel . . . its special grooming of a special ship for this cruise . . . its world-cruise "know-how," years of it . . . the entrée established through Canadian Pacific's offices in key cities of the globe. That is why . . . you have nothing to do but enjoy. ● Why not send for booklets, ship plans? Your own agent or any Canadian Pacific Office: New York, Chicago, Boston, Montreal and 31 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

INDIA

Bombay, Agra, Delhi, Benares, the Taj Mahal . . .

MADEIRA

Basket-sleds . . .

ATHENS

Templed Acropolis

BETHLEHEM

for Christmas . . .

CAIRO

New Year's Eve . . .

CEYLON

Spices, elephants

JAVA

Bamboo music . . .

SIAM

Court dancers . . .

CHINA

Color . . . people

JAPAN

Geishas, gardens

AND 10

other countries . . .

IN 137 DAYS,
From \$2000 . . .

YOU SAIL when
winter comes . . .

DEC. 2,
from NEW YORK



WORLD'S GREATEST
TRAVEL SYSTEM
Canadian Pacific

Tumble to this!

—the most famous
Cocktail Recipes
bound in
Bridge Pad
Send Coupon for it



Then—shakety, shake, shake—you shake café cocktails like magician chefs of Europe. Simple—tres simple. Fanciest, dankest cocktails are easy.

The prima donna ingredient of a half hundred is imported Martini & Rossi Vermouth, tangy tart, herballly agreeable—the sunny Riviera's cocktail taste that makes a cocktail—a cocktail. Be a Sultan to your guests. Serve the most admired of all beverages at bridge and before dinner.

Our Vermouth Bridge Club Recipe Book

(See Coupon) Also a novel scoring pad, auction and contract. Contains 40 treasured recipes. There are 30 cocktails beginning with the celebrated "Martini" named for—(sold at your food shop)

IMPORTED Martini & Rossi Vermouth

W. A. Taylor & Co.
94 L. Pine St., New York, N. Y.

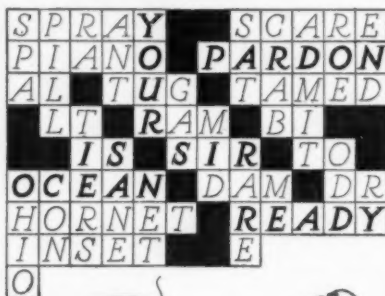
Please send copy, without charge, of new, revised, expanded Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad (both Contract and Auction), in book form.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 30



Pardon sir, your ocean is ready.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

J. J. Kolker,
305 Central Union Depot Bldg.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Explanation: "Righto Giles, lay out my coat of sun tan."

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

William G. Ray,
Veteran's Home, Calif.

Explanation: Thank you Hawkins, but I've decided on a shower instead. Prepare some clouds please.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Arthur R. Quackenbush,
641 Cedarwood Terrace,
Rochester, N. Y.

Explanation: "It was much too cold and salty yesterday, James, see that it doesn't happen again."

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Arthur George,
2154 Ivar Avenue,
Hollywood, Calif.

Explanation: "But are you sure there is no one else in it?"

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

An Austrian doctor says that babies should be rocked with an up-and-down motion instead of from side to side. Mothers who can shake a good cocktail should have no difficulty in adopting the new method.

—The Humorist.

A bomb was recently discovered in a Nice restaurant. We understand that several customers saw the thing and hoped it would explode and perhaps draw the attention of a waiter.

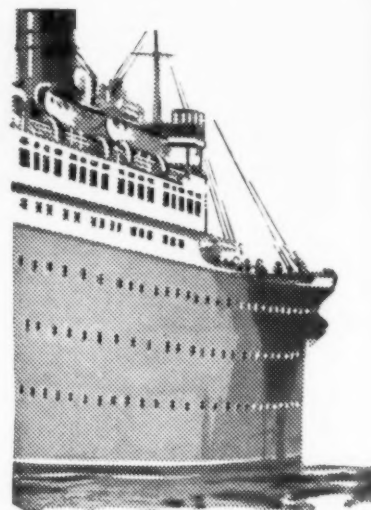
—London Opinion.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

(38)

The BERMUDA

Trip Merits this
Transatlantic Standard



THERE are two "Bermudas"—with enjoyment aplenty on the Ship as well as on the Island. Your vacation begins aboard ship—even to golf and tennis on one of the world's largest games decks, bathing in the tiled pool and horseback riding in the "gym!" When will you start?

Sail any Wednesday or Saturday on the new 20,000 ton motor-ship "Bermuda" or the "Fort St. George". Round trip from \$70 up. Inclusive rates on application.

Ships sail direct from dock to dock. No five mile transfer by tender at Hamilton.

The BERMUDIANA
The ST. GEORGE HOTEL

Centres of Bermuda's Social
and Sporting Activities.

FURNESS

Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins)
565 Fifth Ave., New York or any Authorized agent

ANGKOR—



"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, "I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."

The Raymond-Whitcomb Round-the-World Cruise has a trip to mysterious Angkor . . . easier and more comfortable than any cruise has ever offered.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB Round the World • CRUISE •

To sail January 21, 1931, on the "Columbus"

Because the cruise ship is the fastest ever to sail round the world, the Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise will spend less time at sea than any other . . . The total length of the cruise will be only 107 days—yet the number of places visited is notably large and the programs are generous. There are visits to all the usual Round-the-World-Cruise countries—Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, etc.—and to such unusual ports as Penang, Malacca, Zamboanga and Macassar—and a side trip to Bali. Rates, \$2000 and upward.

Send for the booklet:
"ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE"

Mediterranean Cruise

To sail January 31, 1931, on the "Carinthia"

This Mediterranean Cruise is timed to be in Nice for the famous Carnival. With 13 days in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . visits to the great and historic Mediterranean cities—Constantinople, Venice, Algiers, etc.—and to smaller places, such as Palermo and Taormina, Cattaro and Ragusa, which are typical of their countries. Rates, \$1000 and up.

Raymond-Whitcomb

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts
New York, 670 Fifth Avenue; New York, 225 Fifth Ave.
Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.
Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.; San Francisco, 230 Post St.

Agents in the principal cities



Boston, Mass.

Dear LIFE:

LIFE's Ticket Service fills a need which is over two hundred years old—it is probably older than that. For all we know, ticket speculation may have been at the bottom of the founding of the theoricon fund in Athens which provided citizens with the price of a seat in the Theatre of Dionysus. We have evidence, anyhow, that when Benjamin Franklin was in London in 1725, gallery tickets were selling at fifty cents, and orchestra tickets from seventy-five cents to \$2.50—according to Bernard Fay in his "Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times." And money was worth then several times its present value. For instance, in Devonshire at the same time, Professor Fay says, you could get a chicken for a groat, or five pence. Well, you couldn't get a decent chicken for ten cents anywhere now—not even at a Piggle-Wiggley.

Very sincerely yours,
Mary Caperton.

Sir:

To hell with you . . . and your magazine! Under your bungling LIFE has dwindled, shrunk, decreased, diminished, and died.

Your magazine is composed entirely of stuff your dumb staff makes up, and any man who spends his dime for it is buying trash.

I have hundreds of friends here in this city, and none of them read it—why? Because there is nothing in it. Two covers—who wants to buy covers? And now you are running a series of girl pictures that are absolutely out of keeping with your line.

The series of "LIFE's Little Educational Charts" you are putting in every week for lack of something better, are an insult to a man's intelligence. It's a wonder you have not been kicked out of the office. The copies of *Liberty* and *The Sat. eve. post* that come out on Friday are gone in a few hours, while the copies of LIFE remain to mock the editor responsible for their appearance.

Either get down to business and give the public some variety, or turn the job over to someone who will. That Willingdrift line of stories are not even entertaining. No man can read them from week to week without tearing his hair in indignation. Again I repeat—To Hell with you and your magazine!

A. Bostonian.

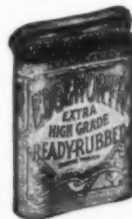


Your Pipe lets you think

NO two ways about it—your pipe does help somehow when time comes for the brain to click along on all cylinders. Pipe-smoke shuts out the little distractions and lets you concentrate with *all you have*.

That's why the leaders of men, the captains of every degree, are apt to love their pipes.

If you haven't met a good pipe filled with good tobacco, now's the time. Just be sure it's a *good* pipe, for the others are not so friendly toward strangers. And so you can be sure it's good *tobacco* too, we'd like to be there with several pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? That's your free ticket for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth. All around the world you'll find it always the same—for old Edgeworth never changes.



Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 23d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth, and I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME! L-6

NASSAU-HAVANA AND MIAMI

12-day all-expense cruises . \$140 and up

2 days in Nassau—2½ days in Havana—1 day in Miami including living on board steamer all ports and two sightseeing trips in Havana.

S. S. MUNARGO, 12,000 tons, fortnightly from New York.

12-day all-expense tour . \$141 and up

6 days at Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau (European plan) and steamer round trip between New York and Nassau.

•• BERMUDA ••

Weekly Sailings—Round-trip . \$70 and up

Four magnificent 21,000 ton liners. Large, airy, outside rooms—large deck spaces—excellent cuisine and service. Fastest Time—Steadiest Ships.

SAILING FRIDAYS FROM NEW YORK
—MONDAYS FROM BERMUDA

For information see local tourist agent or

**MUNSON STEAMSHIP
LINES**

67 Wall Street, New York City

SAWYER'S RAINWEAR

— Zephyr-Weight —

**ENJOY WELL-DRESSED
PROTECTION ON
RAINY WINDY DAYS!**

"Zephyr-Weights" are made of water-proofed balloon cloth, strongest and lightest fabric woven. Can be tucked away in surprisingly small space when not in use. Street coats weigh only 20 ounces. Tailored in various new models that excel in smartness and value.

Made in the following models:

Men's Single-Breasted Raglan
" Double-Breasted Belted
Misses' Single-Breasted Belted

FOR SPORTWEAR

Golf Blouse

Sports Jacket & Trousers

Send for complete style folder No. 26.



Style No. 510

Men's Street Coat
Smartly tailored,
double-breasted, set-in
sleeves, all-round belt,
convertible collar.
Weight only 20 oz.
Color—sea green—blue
—black.



H.M. SAWYER & SON
East Cambridge, Massachusetts

Makers of the famous "Frog Brand" Slicker since 1840

KERMATH

The new 200

The new Kermath 200 h. p. L-head six cylinder engine for super-power installation in light fast cruisers and runabouts is attracting wide attention. 5" bore and 5¼" stroke.

Down draft carburetion—chrome nickel steel cylinder blocks—special type oil cooler and filter—crank case ventilating system—7 bearing crankshaft—force feed lubrication—are only a few of the high lights to provide that relentless power delivery achieved in this husky engine.

Write for illustrated literature giving complete details of construction and other usable information.

4 to 225 H. P. \$295 to \$2300

KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO.
5870 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich.
90 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.
New York Show Rooms—5th Ave. & 15th St.
"A KERMATH ALWAYS RUNS"

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Guy Hoff, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! With such an All-American Beauty Team, LIFE will challenge the world!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Guy Hoff, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By ROLF ARMSTRONG



"And lead me not into temptation!"
—Harvard Lampoon.

Relative Speeds

Like a greyhound after rabbits,
Like an eagle in its flight,
Like the wind across the prairies,
Like a darting beam of light,
Like the bullets that go whizzing
When their cartridges explode,
Is a motor car in action,
Streaking smoothly down the road.

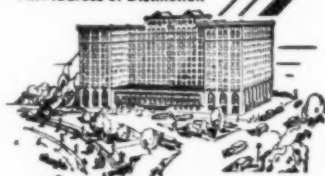
Like an ancient horse and buggy,
Like an urchin off for school,
Like a lady window shopping,
Like a stream that's calm and cool,
Like an awkward fellow groping
Through the parlor in the dark,
Is a motor car that loiters,
Looking for a place to park.

Like a large, basaltic boulder,
Like a lump of yeastless dough,
Like a dry Egyptian mummy
Laid away an age ago,
Like a moron's understanding
Or a money lender's heart,
Is a motor car in winter
When you try to make it start!
—Stoddard King in the Spokane
Spokesman-Review.

THE CRITIC (before a picture): If
that is art, I'm an idiot!

THE ARTIST: It is art, sir!
—Pearson's.

"An Address of Distinction"



One of
the World's
Great Hotels

OUTSTANDING not only
among the hotels of Chicago
... but among all the hotels
of the World. Costs com-
pare favorably with other
establishments where dis-
tinguished standards of ser-
vice prevail. Rates begin at \$5
per day. Permanent Suites at
Special Discounts.

THE
DRAKE
HOTEL, CHICAGO
Under Blackstone Management



Beach and Caves at La Jolla... a pearl along the Pacific

Plan this unforgettable vacation . . . ELEVEN DAYS IN CALIFORNIA



Summer Snows in the High Sierra

\$70 will pay your costs including
sightseeing while in Southern
California this summer... for
eleven unforgettable days... a trip pos-
sible from most eastern sections in two
vacation weeks. Thoroughly enjoy yourself
... see the outstanding points of interest...
for \$6.35 each day.

You may have immediately an authentic
ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY together with a
summary of costs... and know exactly what you can see and do in
these eleven glorious days in this romantic Southwest land and how the
costs are figured. Mail the coupon at once. Bring light wraps... Southern
California is kept cool by breezes sweeping in from 6000 miles of Pacific
Ocean! But leave your umbrella at home!

Your trip out and eleven vacation days in Southern California will not
only prove fascinating but a wonderfully broadening influence... a liberal
education. See and do things entirely new and refreshing... then you can
talk familiarly with traveled people. Know your Hollywood! The orange
groves, Olé Spanish Missions, "Symphonies under the Stars," nearby
mile-high mountains, ocean fishing barges, "voyages" to sea islands...
all will make every hour here a delight.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71
camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy
for postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields
represent an investment of 750 millions... the agricultural industry over 400 millions.
The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in export tonnage.

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. M-4, 2151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me free Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern
California—and what it will cost.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera."
Also send free booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange

☐ Ventura
☐ San Diego

☐ San Bernardino
☐ Santa Barbara

Name _____ Street _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

City _____ State _____



TO GIVE THE PEOPLE THE MODERN, CONVENIENT TELEPHONE SERVICE THAT THEY NEED

The Bell Telephone Company ... of your town

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IT HAS its home in your town. Its operators are the daughters of your neighbors. Its various departments are in the hands of your own citizens, with years of training in telephone engineering and management. Who owns the Bell System? 450,000 people scattered over the United States own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and 250,000 own other securities of the Bell System.

No matter how small the part of the Bell System that serves you, it has behind it research, engineering and manufacture on a national scale. The Bell System operates through 24 companies, each designed to fit the particular area it serves—to furnish the highest standard of service in a manner personal to the needs of every user.

Serving each of these 24 operating companies is the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is

constantly developing better methods of telephone communication. Each draws on the findings of the Bell Laboratories, one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, for the continual scientific improvement of telephone service. Each has the benefit of the buying power and specialized manufacturing processes of the Western Electric Company, which supplies telephone apparatus of the highest quality and precision for the entire Bell System. Each takes advantage of every improvement in practice, equipment and economy.

The Bell System's ideal is to give all of the people of this nation the kind of modern, convenient telephone service that they want, over its wires to connect them one with another and with the telephones of the rest of the world. It is your telephone company, at your service with every resource that it commands.



TRAVEL in EUROPE

59
years of
service

59
Foreign
offices

INDEPENDENT
Escorted
Private Auto
TOURS

W I T H S T E A M S H I P T I C K E T S

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.
512 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

'Proud of Your Nails?'

Of course you are, if you keep them always clean, well trimmed and filed, with Gem, the handy pocket manicure. No trouble at all, to keep nails nice. At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Nail Clippers



Gem
Jr.
35c

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 11)

"I mean she really is," said Willingdrift. "I like her."

Sparkman finished his drink. Willingdrift went on.

"And I'm very fond of you, too, Sparky."

"Fond of you, Smitty. Yes, suh, boss!" He added in an aside, "Sothorn Colonel. Where'll we go t'night?"

Willingdrift hauled himself out of his chair. He went over and rested his hand on Sparkman's shoulder. He said, "The town is yours!" He went back and sat down. There was a silence.

"I mean it really is," said Willingdrift.

The town pretty well was Sparky's that night. He had money, made money and wanted to spend it. At four-thirty-four the next morning as a final gesture to what Willingdrift referred to as his "Sporting Tour," he bought the old Renault taxicab that always stood in front of Martini's after two. With a solemnity rarely achievable, Mabel Lee and Sparkman climbed into the back and Willingdrift, as he put it, "Took the reins."

He headed for the park, wove in and out of the night hawk traffic with a dexterity that surprised even the traffic officers, hit Harlem and then at a banging on the window drew up at the kerb.

"I want to be driver now," said Sparkman. So Willingdrift climbed out. The three of them had a very short one inside the cab, then acting on Sparkman's directions Willingdrift and Mabel Lee walked to the corner.

A moment later with honking of horn and coarse shouts of "Taxi, sir?" Sparkman approached them.

"Taxi!" said Willingdrift.

Sparkman stopped, touched his cap and helped them inside. Then he hopped to the box and turning the car about, headed south.

Some ten minutes Willingdrift rapped on the window. "Driver," he said. Sparkman stopped. "It's my turn again," Willingdrift added. He got out and paid the fare as the meter read. Then Sparkman and Mabel Lee walked to the corner and waited for Willingdrift who, to make it more interesting, hurdled a couple of blocks before drawing up by them with shouts of "Taxi, sir? Taxi?"

"Taxi!" cried Sparkman and added with a dig in the ribs, "I really mean, taxi!"

This time, by dint of wheelsmanship that would have made Chevrolet jealous in his prime, Willingdrift succeeded in getting as far north as Van Cortlandt Park before Sparkman broke the

The little difference

in price can never

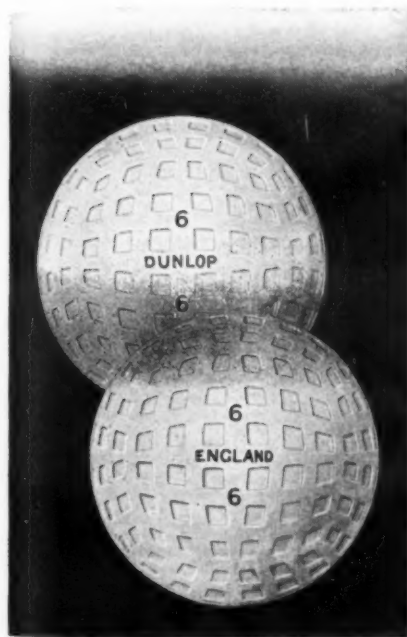
equal the big

difference in

results to

the good

player..



THE *imported*
DUNLOP

#1

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

window in his anxiety to be cabman.

Lost now, Sparkman at the wheel headed east. Willingdrift noted and smiled. Then almost unconsciously he found himself eulogizing on the beauties of Havana as a permanent abode, and found Mabel Lee drinking it in—along with other things.

Willingdrift's next trick on the box got them to Rye. And when the first mists of morning rose from the ground they found the three of them gleefully gamboling along the highways and byways of Greenwich.

At the Smith's house, there was consternation when at breakfast time there was no Willingdrift. At nine there was concern, and at ten Nancy and Mrs. Smith were on the point of broadcasting an alarm through the police. It was all Smith could do to keep them from it. He was just saying to his wife for the twentieth time, "Emily, I told you I sent him to look after Sparkman. Maybe the feller was lonely—" when Willingdrift, clad as usual in proper morning coat, appeared.

He bowed. "Sir," he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Sparkman would like to see you. There was something they wanted me to do for them quite early this morning," he went on, "so I took the liberty of staying with them overnight."

He approached Mrs. Smith confidentially.

"Mrs. Sparkman, you know Madam, is not well. She has been subject to violent fainting spells."

At that moment Sparkman and Mabel Lee stepped into the room. She hurried to Mrs. Smith.

She said, "You know, I've been so wanting to meet you." Mrs. Smith started the icy eye. "Your husband took such good care of me on the train when I was ill. Really," she added, "Mr. Sparkman says he'll never forget it!"

Mrs. Smith, who through long years of association with Mr. Smith had grown to be something of a sportsman said, "Rob, forgive me."

But Smith had followed Willingdrift out into the hall. He said, "Willing, name your price!"

Willingdrift looked at him, and for the first time Smith noticed the curious whiteness of his face. He said, "The kindest thing you could do, sir, is let me go to bed. I feel awful!"

"Hurr," said Smith. "You look awful. Was it *very* early?"

"At six-thirty, sir, before Justice Crane, of Greenwich."

Willingdrift started off. "Stay," said Smith. Almost asleep on his feet, Willingdrift turned.

"Stay in bed for a month," said Smith. "You deserve it!"

Another story next week.

(43)



You need gangway treatment . . .

Are you off your golf? Are you truculent at the Bridge Table? Not to say over the breakfast? Are you sunk at the thought of listening to Harry's best story for the sixteenth tedious time? Don't worry. It's all symptomatic . . . You need Gangway Treatment . . . So drag yourself off that downy divan and take the first brave step . . . Walk, run, write or 'phone the nearest Cunard Agent or office and get the "dope" on the largest cabin fleet afloat or if you wish to be still more economical look up Cunard Tourist Third Cabin.

Before you know it you'll be having your morning bouillon or practising your pet swing on the broad clear decks of a Cunarder.

RATES

CABIN \$135 up
TOURIST THIRD CABIN 105 up

Join the Cunard Travel Club!

Write for folder outlining important advantages.

See Your Local Agent or apply

CUNARD CABIN SERVICE



1840 • NINETY YEARS OF SERVICE • 1930

A Call to

TO THE YOUTH OF

10 YEARS ago the generation ahead of us
passed an amendment . . the Eighteenth.

Are You Satisfied

WITH gin parties for
high school girls
and boys?

WITH rum - running,
boot-legging, hi-
jacking?

WITH the graft and
bribery born of
Prohibition?

WITH subsidized crime?

WITH highway gun-
battles and bor-
der warfare?

WITH snoopers and
under - cover
men?

WITH legalized killings?

WITH WET-drinking,
DRY - voting
congressmen
and senators?

WITH NATIONAL
HYPOCRISY?

If NOT, enroll with us
—join The Crusaders

T O D A Y

For 10 years we have listened to conflicting statements
about it. At the same time we have SEEN its results.

Frankly . . . we are SICK OF IT!

We are THROUGH!

We are completely convinced that liquor cannot be legis-
lated out of existence by Prohibition. We are banded
together to secure True Temperance . . the temperance of
LIQUOR CONTROL.

Many of us were not old enough to vote on the Eighteenth
amendment. Some of us were not yet out of uniform.

We had little or nothing to do with the advent of Prohibi-
tion . . yet we are asked to bring up our children under it.
And we refuse! We call upon every adult man and woman
who is NOT satisfied with present conditions to join with us.

We seek to strengthen the spines of our legislators . . to

FOR YOU

L. C. HANNA, JR., *Treasurer, THE CRUSADERS*
National Headquarters, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

I hereby make application for
membership in THE CRUSADERS



Sign here _____

Print name here _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose check for \$ _____ to
cover membership in THE CRUSADERS

NOTE:—A fully paid membership in The Crusaders costs \$1.00
or as much more as you feel justified in giving to promote the
cause of True Temperance.

1

FOR

L. C. HANNA, JR., *Treasurer, THE CRUSADERS*
National Headquarters, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

I hereby make application for
membership in THE CRUSADERS



Sign here _____

Print name here _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose check for \$ _____ to
cover membership in THE CRUSADERS

NOTE:—A fully paid membership in The Crusaders costs \$1.00
or as much more as you feel justified in giving to promote the
cause of True Temperance.

2

Action

AMERICA

remove the hypocrisy which threatens our national life
 . . to substitute for this nightmare of National Prohibition
 PRACTICAL LIQUOR CONTROL . . True Temperance.

The Youth of America has fought all of this nation's wars.
 It has never lost a war. It is in this war TO THE FINISH.

Read the coupon—sign it—mail it. Then get other signatures.

OUR PLATFORM

THE CRUSADERS stand for
 True Temperance.

THE CRUSADERS are op-
 posed to the prohibition of
 liquor because
 . . the prohibition of liquor
 is wrong in principle
 . . prohibition of liquor has
 proved impossible in practice

THE CRUSADERS are in
 favor of controlling liquor by
 government regulation, state or
 national, because

. . control is right in principle
 . . control has proved practical

THE CRUSADERS will support
 all reasonable practical steps in
 the direction of substituting
 for National Prohibition a
 program of liquor control which
 shall be just, which shall be
 intelligent and which, because
 it shall be acceptable to a ma-
 jority of the American People,
 will be capable of fulfillment.



NATIONAL OFFICERS

Serving Without Pay

FRED G. CLARK

Commander-in-Chief, Cleveland

CHAS. H. SABIN, JR.

Executive Commander, New York

J. J. WADSWORTH

Executive Commander, Genesee

L. C. HANNA, JR.

Treasury Commander, Cleveland

WILLIAM D. CARR

Counsel, New York

JOHN S. WILLIAMS

Finance Commander, New York

COMMANDERS

Charles H. McArthur, Arizona

Edgar Allen Poe, Jr., Baltimore

Bernard M. Chamberlin

Charlottesville

J. Russel Forgan, Chicago

Harvey H. Brown Jr.

John N. Garfield

John A. Hadden

Dan R. Hanna, Jr.

Elton Hoyt, II

Philip Mather

John E. Newell, Jr.

Cleveland

Sherman S. Clark, Los Angeles

John Cudahy, Milwaukee

Norman Allderdice, Pittsburgh

Morton M. Banks

Robert Benchley

Charles S. Payson

Donald Odgen Stewart

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney

John Hay Whitney

New York

Stewart Symington, Rochester

Dan W. Jones, St. Louis

James B. Robinson

Wilkesbarre

Lamont du Pont, III

Wilmington

The Crusaders

YOUR

FRIENDS

L. C. HANNA, JR., Treasurer, THE CRUSADERS
 National Headquarters, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

I hereby make application for
 membership in THE CRUSADERS

Sign here _____

Print name here _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose check for \$ _____ to
 cover membership in THE CRUSADERS

NOTE:—A fully paid membership in The Crusaders costs \$1.00
 or as much more as you feel justified in giving to promote the
 cause of True Temperance.

3

L. C. HANNA, JR., Treasurer, THE CRUSADERS
 National Headquarters, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

I hereby make application for
 membership in THE CRUSADERS

Sign here _____

Print name here _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose check for \$ _____ to
 cover membership in THE CRUSADERS

NOTE:—A fully paid membership in The Crusaders costs \$1.00
 or as much more as you feel justified in giving to promote the
 cause of True Temperance.

4

MARLBORO has



Philip Morris announces an Innovation
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
IVORY TIPPED
now available almost everywhere
Try your dealer

Charlie Chaplin is said to have become convinced that he could make a big success as a romantic actor. Not in those trousers, though.

—*Passing Show.*



CANOE-BIAL BLISS

A SILENT STREAM through a tunnel of trees . . . now and then a leaf sifting down to float as lightly as your "Old Town Canoe." A stroke of the blade to urge you on . . . now rest . . . now stroke again. There's nothing like idly gliding in an "Old Town Canoe"!

Actual Indian models are used in the making of "Old Towns." That's why they're so easily handled, so well-balanced, and so exceptionally steady. Their durability comes through modern manufacturing methods.

Free catalog shows paddling, sailing and square-stern models. As low as \$67. With sponsors if you like. Also shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood outboard family boats; rowboats; dinghies; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1124 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

WIFE (to the man coming home):
Cook has left us!

MAN: Why?

"She said that you were rude to her on the telephone today!"

"The cook! Heavens, I thought it was you I was talking to."

—*Pearson's.*

A professional dancer in Vienna danced continuously for seventy-four hours. It is understood that he sat out the next dance.

—*Punch.*

A theatrical producer says all sorts of people think they can act. This is very prevalent among actors.

—*Passing Show.*



BRIDGE PLAYER: Do you know you revoked?
 BEGINNER (haughtily): What of it—I had my reasons!

In America, burglars entered the house of a heavyweight boxer. They felt fairly safe from attack, as there were no spectators and no arrangement had been made regarding a purse.

—*London Opinion.*

"Parrots learn words of command quicker than anything else," we read. "Do as I tell you, George," is said to be a common expression in the best parrot circles.

—*The Humorist.*

"Lapland is the most thinly populated country in the world," says a contemporary. It doesn't say how many Lapps there are to the mile.

—*Passing Show.*

In his third volume Rupert Hughes begins to warm up to his hero. In time it is thought Mr. Washington will be first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his biographers.

—*Detroit News.*

The B. B. C. hopes to broadcast the roar of Niagara Falls. Another natural feature of the American continent to which we would gladly listen-in is the silence of the great open spaces.

—*Punch.*



**Come vacationing
 with us this Summer
 . . . in Glacier Park**

We'll go fishing, and we'll play golf, and ride horseback over the high trails along the mountainsides . . . this summer in Glacier Park.

Come along with us—the new *Empire Builder* and the luxurious *Oriental Limited* take you direct to the gates of Glacier Park . . . world's greatest dude ranch.

Information from any Great Northern agent, or direct from Dude Ranch Dept., Room 712, G. N. Building, St. Paul, Minn.

GLACIER PARK
 via Great Northern

"The World's
 Greatest
 Dude Ranch"



drowsy after dinner?

chew



for digestion!



WHEN there's sleep in your eyes from eating more than is good for you, chew Beeman's to help your digestion.

Over 30 years ago, Dr. Beeman originated this delicious gum, knowing well that people needed such a delightful aid to digestion.

A pleasant digestive aid, Beeman's has also won millions of users for its smoothness and keen flavor.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM aids digestion

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Anthony, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Philip Rosa, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Clair Maxwell, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry A. Richter, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1930. (Seal) J. N. Nau, Notary Public, New York County No. 60; New York Register No. 0-59. My commission expires March 30, 1930.



" 's funny—Father told me not to pull the string. I always thought ya did."

(47)



Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

FOOT-Joy—the shoe that's different—has proved so completely comfortable to thousands of men that it has made them absolutely indifferent to the claims of other shoes. They know that no other shoe made has the foundation of Foot-Joy—so designed that with each step you take, it is always directly in alignment to receive the full weight of the body with no rolling of the foot from one side to the other, no cramped toes—no strain on foot or leg muscles—no unnatural tiredness at the end of a busy day. Why not have such comfort and be smartly shod at the same time? Foot-Joy shoes are moderately priced and are styled for all occasions. Send to us for colored illustrations showing styles for different types of men.

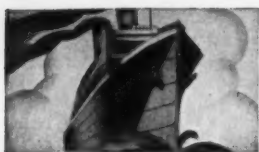
The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
Established 1837

Dealers in most of the larger cities.
In New York City, 4 East 44th Street

Name.....

Address..... (LMB)



3
NEW
SHIPS

NEW YORK TO AND FROM

California

thru PANAMA
CANAL with a call
at gay HAVANA



5,500 miles—13 days.
Where can you find such
a wonderful trip? Where
can you find such liners
as the big NEW turbo-
electric steamers, *Pennsyl-
vania, Virginia and Cali-
fornia*—all 33,000 tons
in size—offering every-
thing you could wish in
ocean luxury? All outside
rooms, many with baths
—built-in, deck swimming
pools, etc.

Fortnightly sailings in either
direction, via Panama Canal,
with calls at Havana, San Diego
(Coronado Beach), Los Angeles,
San Francisco.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; 460
Market St., San Francisco; our offices else-
where or authorized S. S. or R. R. Agents

Panama Pacific
Line



INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 35

\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Apr. 25. Winners will appear in the May 16 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. A little girl.
4. Definite article.
6. Use this to shut off a loud-speaker.
8. A big Swede.
9. Vegetable.
10. Greek letter.
11. By way of.
12. This will put you up.
13. What the messenger to Sparta did.
14. A slippery proposition.
15. A safety device.
16. A big blow out.
19. There's a lot of dizzy people in this.
20. Preposition.
22. This sticks like glue.
23. Indefinite article.
24. An old game of cards.
26. A beverage.
29. This is crafty.

VERTICAL

1. Too many of these cause trouble.
2. What you'd be in Paris.
3. You'd have to break into this kind of thing.
4. A number.
5. Only an artist likes to do this.
6. You never see this in the day-time.
7. These are grasping.
9. This is attached to a house.
10. It takes a long time for this to pass.
17. You must do this for a living.
18. Ever (Poetic).
20. The (one) specifically designated.
21. The once over.
25. You can't go farther than this in the U. S.
27. This is always listening in.

THE MOST POWERFUL SIX-CYLINDER
ENGINE OF ITS SIZE IS IN THE

WILLYS· KNIGHT

GREAT SIX



LINES, COLORS AND INTERIORS
PRESAGE A NEW ART IN
FINE CAR DESIGN

THE patented double sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight Great Six develops more power and torque than any other six-cylinder engine of its size in American records. This Great Six is the fastest, liveliest and most powerful Willys-Knight ever built . . . Sleeve-valve smoothness and economy also feature the Willys-Knight "70-B", the largest, smartest and most powerful low-priced Knight-engined car in history.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD.,
TORONTO, CANADA

GREAT SIX SEDAN

Other models at same price. "70-B"
prices, \$975 to \$1195. Equipment,
other than standard, extra. Prices f.o.b.
Toledo, O., and specifications subject to change without notice.

\$1795



**SUMMER FUN
IN
HAWAII**

For copy of this map in colors, or for full
information regarding summer vacation
tours to Hawaii, write to

Hawaii Tourist Bureau
(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)
1106 MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
or LASSCO LINE, LOS ANGELES or
MATSON LINE, SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

*Cartography by
Ruth Taylor White*

Resolution
Discovered the
Island in 1778

Mauna Kea
13,679 ft

Mauna Loa
13,679 ft